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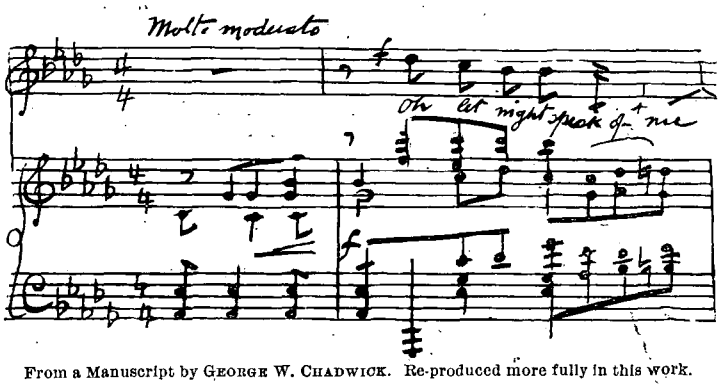

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1904.

The Week.

Judge Parker will not be tempted to interpret the marked turning of Democrats all over the country to him, which, as all can see, makes his nomination at St. Louis highly probable, as a personal compliment. It is not magnetic leadership which draws all eyes to him, not popular qualities, not oratory nor enthusiasm, nor even a skilful political organization, but chiefly the anxiety of his party to find a deliverer. An unprecedented combination of ignorance and insolence, of wealthy vice and reckless agitation, had been formed to steal a march on decent Democrats and capture the Presidential nomination before they woke up. It is the growing horror of this Bryan-Hearst conspiracy which has led the unbought members of the party to look so eagerly to Judge Parker. He has appeared to them available; he has stood for that dignity and honor of the party which Hearst and Bryan would drag in the gutter; and, with his own State now united in his support, honest Democrats everywhere are thinking of him as the best man with whom to beat off the degraded corruptionists seeking to buy and prostitute the Democracy. It is already a great triumph for decency. We now look to see the Bryan-Hearst movement sink rapidly into ridicule and impotence. Its only chance of success lay in its audacity and unscrupulousness, and in the hope of its promoters that Hearst, having named himself for the Presidency and resolved to buy his way to the White House, would be treated as if he were a reputable citizen. But the truth has been told. He has found that money will buy everything but character, and that character still counts. The self-respecting and unbribed elements of his party are showing him that they will none of him; and a speedy concentration upon Judge Parker will soon leave him as soundly defeated as he is already hopelessly discredited.

Mr. Bryan's insistence that the State of New York is not necessary to Democratic success is simply childish. Indeed, we should be ashamed of a well-grown child that could not take pencil and paper and figure out the absurdity of the statement. Mr. Bryan ought to go to Washington and produce his table of electoral votes, with New York left out, for the benefit of Democratic Congressmen. Their unanimous opinion is that a candidate who could not carry New York would be beaten before he began. That is the reason why all eyes turn to this State, and why the Democrats of the South and West are so outspoken in saying that if the party in New York is united for Judge Parker, they will fall in line and make him the nominee at St. Louis. But, of course, when Mr. Bryan says "success" he does not mean winning the election. That is the last thing he cares for. He will count himself successful if, by any means, even the vilest coalition, he is able to control one-third of the delegates to the convention, and so to throw himself athwart the path towards sanity and victory at the polls. Every day brings out more clearly his attitude of rule or ruin. But every day also makes it more plain to the party that it must shake off a leadership which has advanced rapidly from disaster to disgrace.

The Vice-Presidency is now the career that is open to talent. Gov. Van Sant of Minnesota is being pushed by his friends for the place; and Iowa renews the talk of Secretary Shaw. The trouble is said to be the vacillation of Senator Fairbanks of Indiana. Roosevelt, according to all reports, has chosen him as a running mate, and has issued peremptory orders to Indiana to get enthusiastic over Fairbanks. But, unhappily, the Senator—unlike his vivacious colleague, Beveridge—is not a man who either acquires or inspires enthusiasms. Indiana, imitating Margery's bereaved hen, remains "more than usual calm." While constituents continue apathetic, the cool and calculating Mr. Fairbanks keeps his eye on 1908, and halts between two opinions: whether he stands a better chance for the Presidency by remaining Senator or becoming Vice-President? What is wanted in the second man on the ticket is a heavy respectable, to whom the spellbinders can point as a model of sobriety and conservatism—a fitting foil for Mr. Roosevelt's strenuousness. Any gentleman who can fill these specifications will hear of something to his advantage by communicating in strictest confidence with T. R., White House, Washington, D. C. No man under fifty need apply.

Representative Overstreet is getting into water that is both hot and deep. Postmaster-General Payne declares that he originally sent to Mr. Overstreet, chairman of the House Committee on Post-Office and Post Roads, a list of "cases" without the names of Congressmen attached. Mr. Overstreet was not content, and in writing demanded names, which were accordingly furnished. And, finally, Mr. Payne charges that the dates of two letters have been changed so as to make it appear that the Post-Office Department, and not Mr. Overstreet's committee, is responsible for dragging statesmen into undesired publicity. In short, according to Mr. Payne's testimony, Mr. Overstreet, or some wicked partner, is the cause of all the woe since the "Charges against Members" was published to a scoffing world. This new development in the scandal only makes it the more evident that a suppression of investigation by the Republican majority will put a terrible weapon into the hands of the Democrats.

Mr. Bonaparte of Baltimore is the wrong passenger to wake up. Ex-Postmaster-General Smith made the mistake of sneering at his report on the postal frauds, and got a rejoinder which would have permanently suppressed a less exuberant person. Now comes Senator Gorman, caustically referring in the Senate to Mr. Bonaparte as a "professional reformer." Immediately we hear the swish of a sabre from Baltimore. "If I am a professional reformer," remarks Mr. Bonaparte, "Senator Gorman is nothing but a professional lobbyist." He further invites a comparison of the pecuniary profits derived from the two occupations. This may be called twitting on facts, but the Maryland Senator laid himself fairly open to it. He has been guilty of such indiscretions before. When Mr. Roosevelt was Civil Service Commissioner, he once brought Gorman to book handsomely. The latter's ignorance, or malice, was put in the clearest light, and Mr. Roosevelt's letter about "clinging, trustful Senator Gorman" excited much merriment.

Let no misguided campaign committee claim Panama honors for the President. Mr. Roosevelt, like the Colombians, the Nicaraguans, the United States Senate, the French Panama Company, and the Panameños, was merely a tool in the hands of Philippe Bunau-Varilla. Should anybody ask us how we know that Bunau-Varilla was the god from all the Panama machines, we answer that he admits it himself. In an interview with Jules Huret of *Figaro*, he recounts with exemplary candor all the stages of his triumphant negotiations, from the heyday of the Nicaragua scheme that was, to the statue of De Lesseps that M. Bunau-Varilla is to accept in lieu of an ambassador's pay. Three times Bunau-Varilla came to America—once to circulate his pamphlet 'Panama: Past, Present, and Future'; again to present the Panama Company's offer of sale, 1902; still once more to convert Senator Hanna, "homme d'une probité indiscutable et jouissant

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d'une très légitime influence sur le Congrès." On this occasion M. Bunau-Varilla succeeded in getting the Panama route accepted as an alternative by Congress. Among those Congressmen who doubted there were volcanic disturbances in Nicaragua, he circulated the Nicaraguan postage stamp bearing a great volcano in active eruption. An actual eruption came opportunely to his aid. "J'avais l'air de commander aux élémens," he says, with fine simplicity. When the Hay-Herran treaty was ratified by the Senate, M. Bunau-Varilla returned to France "reassured."

But this well-earned ease was rudely broken by the hideous plot of the robber politicians of Bogotá. For the fourth time M. Bunau-Varilla returned to America, resolved on closing the matter up at all hazards. The moment was opportune. The Panameños only needed to be reminded of their oppression to rise. "I got in touch with the representatives of the Isthmus at New York; I believed it my duty to advise the revolution. They believed me, and effected it." The appalling speed with which event followed event in the early days of last November is now matter of history. Only M. Bunau-Varilla's comment on Gen. Reyes's tardy arrival, as plenipotentiary at Washington, deserves to be added to the record. Reyes "was too late. Not only was the dinner served, but eaten and digested. I had finished." This is the narrative that M. Bunau-Varilla in all soberness ("après les premières effusions") gives to *Figaro* and to the world. Truth, as usual, puts fiction in the shade. Mr. Roosevelt's part in the transaction is reduced to a fortunate conjunction with the dominating planet of Bunau-Varilla with a canal to sell, and this old wives' tale carries with it a ghastly suggestion that it is the inner truth of last November's bunco game.

It is but an expected decision which the French court renders against the Colombia shareholders in the Panama Company. Their suit, however, was the least of the legal difficulties in the way of the transfer to the United States. The vexation at Washington, the friction between members of the Cabinet, the array of Government counsel dispatched to Paris, signify an obstacle far different and more awkward. This is, we understand, nothing less than the discovery that the Panama Company has never really agreed to sell out for $40,000,000. Its committee reported in favor of that proposal, but the requisite formal action was not taken. Consequently, this country is in the pleasing situation of having bought property for which the price has not been fixed. This accounts for the angry talk about what the Administration will do if the Frenchmen attempt a "hold-up." The whole case is certainly one of brilliant management. First, we announced to Colombia that we had decided on the Panama route, and then blandly asked her what she would take for it. Next, having ridden over Colombia's rights, we turn to the Panama Company with our $40,000,000, only to find that it has never agreed to that sum. Doubtless the snarl will be unravelled; but what a policy of blunder!

After the corner in Northern Pacific stock, three years ago, under the purchases of the two rival interests, it was found that, out of the $155,000,000 Northern Pacific stock, the "Harriman party" controlled $78,108,000, or more than half, while the "Hill-Morgan party" controlled the bulk of what remained. Confronted with the disastrous results of a corner operation, the Northern Securities expedient was contrived. The Harriman interest turned over its Northern Pacific stock in exchange for Northern Securities shares and $8,900,000 cash—the cash, apparently, being paid by the rival interests. The Hill-Morgan interest turned into the merger what it had of Northern Pacific stock, and some $124,000,000 stock of the parallel Great Northern. Obviously, therefore, with Northern Securities stock exchanged for both Northern Pacific and Great Northern shares, that interest held the larger part of the stock in the merger company.

That company having been declared illegal, two methods of dissolution theoretically existed—one, to restore the absolute *status quo*, so that each individual participant in the merger should receive exactly the shares which he deposited, whether Northern Pacific or Great Northern; the other, to distribute the Northern Securities assets pro rata, each shareholder receiving his due proportion of the stock of both these companies. The second of these plans has been officially proposed, on the ground that, since Northern Securities stock has been largely bought and sold on the open market, restoration of the *status quo* is impossible. But the Harriman interest demands that it be restored precisely; intimates that the official plan may be illegal; and offers, for its own part, to return the exact share certificates which it received for its Northern Pacific stock. This it is able to do because it borrowed, on the credit of a railway owned by it, the money for the Northern Pacific purchase, and because it has tied up in a collateral trust the shares which now represent that purchase. The court is asked to decide between the two schemes of dissolution, and it is possible that voting control of the Northern Pacific will be settled, as between the two rival interests of 1901, in that way. This fact should be enough to put the public on its guard.

Friday's holiday in the anthracite region shows what a makeshift the 1903 agreement between the operators and miners was. April 1 was the anniversary of the day on which the soft-coal miners achieved their eight-hour victory. The anthracite workers have not yet reached this goal, but they decided, at the instigation of President Mitchell, to celebrate just the same, although the operators had declared that there would be no holiday. Mass meetings were held in different localities, and the speakers asserted that the next move should be for an eight-hour day and for the payment of coal by weight. In short, the purpose of the miners to strike again in 1906 was clear. This vividly recalls President Roosevelt's letter to the Strike Commission in 1902. These were his words: "You will endeavor to establish the relations between the employers and wage workers in the anthracite field on a just and *permanent* basis." The Commission awarded the miners a nine hours' day with a ten hours' wage, and a three years' agreement between the operators and the men was arranged. President Roosevelt may have considered the compact final, but it is now manifest that the miners regarded it merely as a truce. They had obtained all that was possible for the moment, and were prepared to bide their time. Thus we see that the people of the United States must get rid of the idea that any real relief from the exactions of organized labor is in sight.

The committee of the National Woman's Trade Union Label League, which asked President Eliot why he refused to allow his speech on labor to be published under the union label, received the answer which might have been expected; he objected because the label condoned the closed shop, and the closed shop implied the denial of free competition. Why the committee thought it worth while to put the question is one of the insoluble "mysteries of a woman's heart." President Eliot is the strongest advocate of individualism in this country. His theory of education postulates the right and the necessity of allowing the individual to bring his peculiar talents to their highest possible development. The good of society, he maintains, is subserved not by uniformity of product from our schools, but by variety. This principle of training each person to the task for which he is specially fitted President Eliot would apply to the whole course of education. In college he would throw large responsibilities on the student and teach him to choose and act for himself. He would have the world also an open field, where each professional man or manual labor-

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er shall be free to produce the largest amount of the best quality within his power. The trade union, in so far as it limits the output and prescribes hours and qualities, reduces the most swift and skilful to the dull level of mediocrity. It is this side of unionism which President Eliot has rendered great service to his generation by assailing.

The Chicago *Tribune* has been making a strong effort to get at the real facts in the case of the St. Charles, Ark., race riots, in which thirteen negroes were killed. It sent one of its staff correspondents to the scene of the butchery, and after a week's investigation he has printed a story which, as the *Tribune* truly says, is almost incredible in its horror. The town of St. Charles has a white population of 200 or 300, the blacks numbering 500 or 600. The *Tribune* correspondent does not speak very highly of the latter. Their fondness for drink and the game of craps is especially noted. These shortcomings bring them into dangerous relations with "low-down" whites, for whom whiskey and craps have also unlimited attractions. The whites chew off the same plug with the negroes, they drink out of the same bottle, and they gamble with them. In the words of a prominent citizen of the locality, when a white man does that the negro is the better of the two. Now, the St. Charles butchery grew out of a drunken quarrel between a white man and two negroes over craps. The negroes made the mistake of supposing that, as they were good enough to drink and gamble with, they could adopt a general attitude of familiarity towards their Caucasian associate. They tried it, and quickly realized their mistake. Subsequently they assaulted him and his brother, and a race war began.

A reign of hysteria set in. The old, inoffensive, ante-bellum negroes, knowing what was likely to happen, flocked to town, and offered to give up their guns. Everybody has a gun in that region, on account of the abundance of game. These old blacks knew that the possession of firearms rendered them liable to assault in a time of excitement. Furthermore, they lost their heads through fear, and told stories about a secret society among the younger negroes for the purpose of overpowering the whites. There was probably no real foundation for the report, but, as the *Tribune* correspondent says, the white men took no chances. Indeed, their panic seems to have equalled that of the blacks. Armed with guns and pistols, they began the work of gathering in the negroes and locking them up in a store belonging to one of the latter. Even the peace-loving blacks thereupon took to shooting. The climax came when a body of white men surrounded the place where thirty-three negroes were confined, and, calling out six, shot them as an object-lesson to the others. The Northern reader will, of course, be shocked by this account; but the Chicago *Tribune* correspondent says that the better class of white men in Arkansas County—and perhaps even Bishop Brown—"if not equally shocked," are grieved and indignant "at the length" to which the feud has been carried. The incident shows that the vicious whites are as great a menace as the blacks, and that in many parts of the South the action of the community is governed, not by the calm judgment of the white element, but by hot-headed boys and young men.

Premier Bond's statement that no correspondence respecting the consolidation of Newfoundland with Canada has passed has presumably more than personal weight. For the first time in her existence as a colony, Newfoundland is assured of the extinction of the vexatious French rights. It is natural, then, that she should wish to find herself in her new liberated estate before sinking her political entity in that of the Dominion. For the present, the annexation scheme will probably halt, though it seems inevitable that it should finally be effected. Meanwhile it should not be forgotten that the relations of Newfoundland with European countries and with the United States are really closer than those with the Dominion. In particular, there is a growing trade between our ports and theirs. This might be greatly increased by the passage of the Hay-Bond convention, a measure which deserves to be approved for its own sake and for its value as an entering wedge whenever the union between Newfoundland and the Dominion shall be accomplished.

There are more reasons than one why Mr. Balfour should regard the present state of British finance dejectedly. The Government's fiscal year closed on Thursday under a cloud. In April, 1903, Mr. Ritchie, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, estimated that the revenue for the coming twelve months would be £144,270,000. The actual result, however, has been only £141,546,000. That is, the estimates have not been reached by £2,750,000, or about $13,750,000. There has been a shrinkage in about every branch of the revenue, except the Post-Office, which up to March 12 had registered a gain of about £1,400,000 over the estimate for the full year. The larger part of the loss has fallen on the receipts from the income tax. Up to three weeks ago these had amounted to only £26,777,000, against Mr. Ritchie's estimate of £30,500,000 for the year. In customs there was a decline of $12,500,000, while the excise returns showed a decrease of $15,000,000. An increase of at least a penny in the pound in the income tax is of course to be expected, and it is predicted that the duties on sugar and tobacco will be raised. It is also feared that the Sinking Fund will have to be suspended in part. The question of raising additional revenue is in itself an ugly one. While the Government has been increasing its expenditures on an enormous scale, it has also been adversely affecting general money conditions, thereby reducing profits and impairing the effectiveness of the income tax.

But this is the least of the evils that confront the present Government. It is common opinion that the heavy expenditures have come to stay. The South African war revealed the rottenness of the army administration, and the need of large appropriations for an efficient army can no longer be put by. Imperialistic ideas necessitate maximum expenditures on the navy. And, of course, the Irish land scheme and the educational measure have greatly added to the burdens of the Government. The people may tolerate an income tax of 12d. in time of peace, but their willingness to go higher is doubtful. That the Government will have to take refuge in a widening of the basis of indirect taxation seems likely. The discussion on the new budget is due in the next few weeks, when the whole question of the future revenue policy of the Kingdom is very likely to be brought up. While "the City" expects a wider basis of taxation, there is a strong feeling that this should be strictly for revenue purposes. But is it conceivable that Mr. Austen Chamberlain can propose any material departure from the present revenue methods without at once precipitating that debate on the question of preferential duties which Mr. Balfour is so anxious to avoid?

The Japanese Government has at last allowed a number of war correspondents to join the army in Korea. That probably means that the concentration is completed and the line of attack so plain that nothing is to be feared from revelations in the press. It seems, however, that the strict censorship has been relatively of little avail. If it has been difficult to trace minutely the Japanese advance from Seul, there has never been any reasonable doubt that the main force was following the route of 1894. It now appears that Japanese scouts have reached Wiju, and the preliminary stage of the war is practically over. It has been a matter of some surprise that the Russians have not opposed the Japanese advance through the mountains. At many places a small force could have blocked the way for days or weeks. The waiver of a campaign in Korea bears out those who believe that the effective force of the Russians has been grossly overstated.

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EXTRAVAGANCE AND ECONOMY.

Several noteworthy speeches have lately been made in Congress on economy. Representative Hemenway's has probably commanded most attention, by reason of his position as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. It should, however, be read in the light of the previous address of Mr. Burton of Ohio. The latter showed that the wealth per capita of the United States had increased much faster in the last fifty years than the burden of national taxation. But he considered this no excuse for extravagance; on the contrary, it should lead us to adopt a policy of conservatism. He questioned whether it was not essential that the burden of taxation should be decreased from year to year, "so that the standard of living may be raised, and capital may always be ready for the development of commerce and industry and for increasing the wealth of the people."

Mr. Hemenway has made an attempt to practise what Mr. Burton has preached. In presenting the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill—the last of the general appropriation bills—he stated that his committee worked out a reduction of $17,147,116 from the estimates submitted to it, and of $28,915,208 from the total voted for the present fiscal year. In his last annual report the Secretary of the Treasury estimated the revenue for 1905 at $704,472,060, and the expenditures at $727,474,206. But the chairman of the Appropriations Committee refused to accept these figures. He has cut the appropriations down to $682,774,144, or nearly $22,000,000 under the estimated revenue. A part of this saving is due to the omission of a river and harbor bill.

In these economies the Appropriations Committee has taken a step in the right direction, and the nation should be duly grateful. It has tried, in a measure, to stem the tide of extravagance which has been rising with such great force of late. Yet it has fallen far short of doing all that is needed. This is clearly seen when the reductions are studied in detail. Appropriations for public buildings have been reduced $7,955,550, those for river and harbor contract work $12,355,950, and those for the national homes of disabled volunteer soldiers $1,112,124. Furthermore, the last Sundry Civil act carried an unusual number of items that need not be continued another year, ranging from $100,000 upwards and aggregating nearly $7,000,000. Everything counts, and all these gains are to be welcomed. But, after all, the waste still goes on at the bung while a saving is attempted at the spigot.

What the country needs is a true spirit of economy. The reductions made by the Appropriations Committee in the estimates for 1905 denote economies, but they do not indicate that either Congress or the nation has any desire for real economy. To understand what that means one should read Representative Burton's speech. He refers, among other things, to the demand for good roads. It is not pretended that these have to do with interstate commerce, but they would enable the farmers to get their products to market more readily and would confer a social benefit. Mr. Burton points out that "expenses are most judicious, are most carefully applied to public objects, are disbursed most economically and efficiently when and in proportion as there is an immediate local interest in the use to which they are applied." But the tendency is strongly in the direction of foisting on the national Government schemes which should properly be undertaken by local and even private interests. Various Congresses have appropriated nearly $26,000,000 for expositions, more than half this amount having been voted in the last six years. Representative Burton asks if this class of Government expenditure should not be abandoned.

Chairman Hemenway does not say anything about greater carefulness in the matter of pensions, but a reform there would be in line with true economy. He has figured a surplus of $22,000,000 for 1905; but how is this result going to be affected by the new pension ruling? The Secretary of the Interior says that the disbursements on this account will be increased $5,400,000, but there is no certainty that they will not be swelled by several times that amount. Representative Miers of Indiana has figured that they may be $14,000,000 larger. Representative Burton sees the danger of the pension situation. He says: "Under what rule should this appropriation be made? Are we willing to establish in this country the standard that for patriotism, for devotion to country, the reward and the chief reward must be in dollars that are raised by national taxation?" He also attacks the rural free-delivery expenditure, which has increased from $448,000 in 1900 to $8,000,000 in 1903, the estimate for 1905 being $20,773,700. This service, he asserts, costs nearly five times as much as the revenue derived from it. It is in the matter of pensions, rural delivery, and a big navy that one looks for the real evidence of national extravagance. Regarding such outlays, the Appropriations Committee has nothing to say. The best it is able to do is to stop up a few small cracks, and to put a plug in one good-sized hole. Evidently, the main thing with Congress is not economy, but merely to prevent a deficit from looming up in sight in a Presidential year. That it will succeed in doing even this is by no means certain.

NEW LAW FOR OLD REPUDIATORS.

It is now some twenty-two years since the last effort of an individual bondholder to collect his money from a repudiating State failed in the Supreme Court; and it is almost as long since the last angry investor sought the columns of the *Evening Post* to pour the vials of his wrath upon those Southern States which had borrowed money from him and refused to pay it back. These bonds—many millions of them—defaulted and ignored, with their big sheets of uncut coupons, have lain in dusty pigeonholes; and repudiation, as a national issue, has seemed almost as much a matter of history as abolition or reconstruction. But some brokers in this city seem to have found a way to turn these repudiated bonds into cash, even though the bondholder himself has only the satisfaction of the angry creditor who says to his lawyer: "Collect this debt and you can keep all you get." South Dakota holds, in the present instance, the place of the collecting lawyer.

The decision in the case of the State of South Dakota vs. the State of North Carolina, recently handed down by a divided Supreme Court, places the repudiated bonds upon an entirely new footing. It would be going too far, of course, to assert that this decision gives these bonds full standing and a value in the market; but it is well within the facts to say that it makes many of them available as cash for some purposes, and that it suggests the possibility of another decision which may make certain issues of them fully collectible. It all hangs, of course, upon the Constitutional provision that a State cannot be sued by a non-citizen, while any State may sue a sister State.

In the spring of 1901, the Legislature of South Dakota passed a most unusual bit of legislation, clearly suggestive of the events that followed. The character of the statute is sufficiently indicated by its title: "An Act to Require the Acceptance and Collection of Grants, Devises, Bequests, Donations, and Assignments to the State of South Dakota." A few months later Mr. Simon Schafer, a New York broker, addressed to the Hon. Charles H. Burke, member of Congress for South Dakota, a letter which set forth that he "had decided, after consultation with the other holders of the second-mortgage bonds of the State of North Carolina, to donate ten of these bonds to the State of South Dakota." The letter went on to say that the holders of these bonds had waited thirty years in the hope that North Carolina would pay; that the bonds were all due, together with an accretion of 170 per cent. of interest; that the holders had been advised that they could not sue North Carolina themselves, but that South Dakota could; and the communication ended by saying that "the owners of these bonds are mostly, if not entirely, persons who liberally give charity to the needy, the

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deserving, and the unfortunate. These bonds can be used to great advantage by States or foreign governments; and the majority owners would prefer to use them in this way, rather than take the trifle which is offered by the debtor. If your State should succeed in collecting these bonds, it would be the inclination of the owners of a majority of the total issue now outstanding to make additional donations to such governments as may be able to collect from the repudiating State. The donors of these ten bonds would be pleased if the Legislature of South Dakota should apply the proceeds of these bonds to the State University or to some of its asylums or other charities."

South Dakota proceeded at once to sue on the bonds. North Carolina defended, and, after holding the case under advisement for some six months, the court reached a decision. Justice Brewer, who wrote the prevailing opinion, had clearly in mind the nature of the transaction between Mr. Simon Schafer and South Dakota. "Apparently," he says, "the statute of South Dakota was passed in view of the expected gift, and probably the donor made the gift under a not unreasonable expectation that South Dakota would bring an action against North Carolina to enforce these bonds, and that such action might enure to his benefit as the owner of other like bonds." But he held that South Dakota was, bona fide, the owner of the bonds; that, therefore, the Supreme Court had jurisdiction of the case as one between two States; and he decreed that "the State of North Carolina pay to the State of South Dakota the said amount (twenty-seven thousand, four hundred dollars), with costs of suit, on or before the first Monday of January, 1905."

From this opinion and decree Justices White, Fuller, McKenna, and Day dissented. They doubted whether the Supreme Court had jurisdiction in the suit as one between two States. To put it roughly, they questioned the good faith of the donation from Schafer to the State. Moreover, they contended that the original owner could not give to the State more than he had, and that he had nothing, because, in the language of Justice White, "whilst the contracts of a sovereign State may engender natural or moral obligations, and are, in one sense, property, they are yet obligations resting on the promise of the sovereign and possessing no other sanction than the good faith and honor of the sovereign itself." The dissenting opinion is vigorous in tone and worked out with much elaboration and undeniable power.

But the decision is that North Carolina must pay. Let no investor, however, be moved by this to drag his long neglected State bonds from old desks with a vision of unexpected windfalls. First, give your bonds to a State. Then, too, these bonds are of many issues, of many kinds, and of differing conditions. Undoubtedly a great many of them are similar to the ones just passed upon; for such the present decision will of course be a binding precedent. As to others, only the actual test or trial will show whether they can be collected in the way South Dakota has gone about it.

REMEDIES AGAINST UNIONS.

According to a dispatch from Joliet, Ill., the Bates Machine Company of that place, having got an injunction against the Machinists' Union and its members, has brought a suit for $200,000 against the same defendants. This is one of a number of such suits reported in this country within a comparatively recent period, for the purpose of applying to labor unions the same responsibility for the consequences of their acts as have the courts of England under the well-known Taff Vale decision. Without going into technical details, the principle involved is that, whether incorporated or not, unions and their managers, while they may strike and agitate as much as they please, cannot make use, as part of their machinery, of agencies which directly interfere with employers' rights of contract or of property. If by intimidation (*i. e.*, threats of violence) they block the means by which the employer carries on his business, they must answer for it; and the persons responsible are those who cause the damage, whether they call themselves a union or not. In all cases of this sort in which a union is one of the defendants, the importance of the principle invoked lies in the fact that the funds of the union may be levied on. Verdicts for damages against walking delegates would usually amount to little. Judgments collectible out of unions' funds are another matter.

Such suits, if maintained, are the common-law remedy which the injunction, obtained on the equity side of the court, rounds out and completes. The criminal law affords a third means of redress which is familiar to everybody. If the acts complained of or threatened amount to breaches of the peace or illegal violence, the sheriff and the posse, and in the last resort the military, may be called on to preserve order and remove or prevent any obstacles to the ordinary movement of business and employment of labor. But the sheriff and his posse, and even the troops, especially if they are local militia, may sympathize with those whom they are called out to keep in order, and hence greater and greater reliance has come to be placed in the civil remedies—but with this difference: that in the United States injunctions have been resorted to, while in England the aid of the courts has been invoked, and with great success, to establish the principle of pecuniary responsibility.

We have never seen any attempt made to explain this curious difference. On the face of the matter, since the general principles of law governing the whole subject are the same in the two countries, we should have anticipated that the two remedies would be developed *pari passu* in the United States and in England; but such has not been the case. Injunctions against strikers have been our way; the English method is to make the unions and their managers responsible agents. But at length American employers are beginning to see certain merits in the common-law principles laid down by the English courts, and we know of no reason why the English decisions should not be followed here, as we understand they have been already in one or two courts.

The development in this country of the common-law remedy has all the more interest for us because it comes at the same time that a determined effort is being made to emasculate that remedy by way of injunction through act of Congress, at least so far as the Federal courts are concerned. It may well be that the proposed act—the object of which is to take away from the Federal courts and Federal suitors the right to an injunction in cases of labor disputes—will either fail of passage or be held unconstitutional; for, although the Supreme Court has generally taken the view that the inferior Federal courts derive their powers entirely from Congress, it is altogether another question whether Congress can discriminate between one class of suitors and another, and prohibit injunctions in cases affecting labor unions while allowing them in all other cases. But, however this may be, the proposed legislation applies only to the Federal courts, and the right to injunctions against threatened invasions of property is one clearly recognized in the State courts.

But if the remedy by injunction is to be taken away or weakened, it becomes all the more important that the common-law remedy, as applied in England, should be recognized here. We have managed the matter hitherto with the aid of sheriffs and police and troops, reinforced by injunctions, pretty badly—that is, with an immense amount of rioting and loss of life and destruction of property. In England they have managed it much better without general recourse to injunctions, but with the aid of the knowledge of the labor leaders that lawlessness on the part of the union would have to be paid for in money. It is dangerous to argue from one country to the other, but of one thing we may be very sure, that, until the law measures out the same responsibility for the labor agitator as that to which it holds every other citizen, there will be no peace. The day is long gone by when the courts tried to inter-

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fere with strikes as such. The danger which threatens us is that the labor unions aim at an absolute despotism over their members, combined with irresponsibility. If they could attain their ideal it would give them a complete *imperium in imperio*, in which the sympathy of the mob should exempt them from pursuit by the militia or police, the amiability of the Legislature shield them from injunctions, and all pecuniary penalty should be avoided by remaining unincorporated. They would then dictate the terms on which all labor should be employed, and would fail of complete success only because, in the process, they would have driven capital to find refuge in some other quarter of the globe where there was still equality before the law.

TINKERING THE CAPITOL.

The best architect of his time, Thomas Bulfinch, built the Capitol at Washington. Another accomplished architect, Thomas U. Walter, added the great dome. If the House of Representatives has its way, an obscure clerk, with no architectural training of any sort to his credit, and with numerous architectural indiscretions to his discredit, will be allowed to tinker as he pleases the work of Bulfinch and Walter. On Tuesday week, without dissent, the House added to the Sundry Civil Service bill an appropriation of $500,000, being the first instalment of $2,500,000 to be spent on an east extension to the Capitol under the direction of Elliot Woods, Superintendent of the Capitol Building and Grounds. The plan of enlarging the Capitol is an excellent one; but Mr. Woods is not the man to carry it out satisfactorily.

Mr. Woods owes his present title and position to a Congressional subterfuge. He was the chief clerk of the late architect of the Capitol, Mr. Clarke, in which business capacity he served well and won the personal interest of many Senators and Representatives, notably of Mr. Cannon. On Mr. Clarke's death the office of Architect of the Capitol was abolished, and the layman Elliot Woods was smuggled in as Superintendent of the Capitol Building and Grounds. Evidently, he has mastered the art of pleasing, if not of architectural design, for he is now in charge of the Congressional office building, which is to cost $3,000,000. That appropriation was a colossal blunder, but for Mr. Woods to rebuild the front of the old Capitol is a piece of colossal impudence of which only a wholly untrained man could be capable. Indeed, he has tried to mask the enormity of his intentions by professing to carry out the plans of Thomas U. Walter. Now, these alleged plans are, first of all, obsolete, and, next, they are merely sketches or hints which only a trained architect could successfully interpret. The Senator or Congressman who imagines that Mr. Woods can carry out Mr. Walter's scheme as Mr. Walter saw it in his fancy, would be capable of giving a Michelangelo sketch to a signpainter to execute. The mere suggestion of employing on the Capitol anything short of the best talent in the land is a deplorable index of ignorance in Congress.

For the carrying out of the eastern extension of the Capitol is a problem of great difficulty. Architecturally, it has been necessary ever since Mr. Walter carried the new dome out over the eastern colonnade, with the result that the lantern of the dome is actually wider than the supporting building. Mr. Walter's plan was to build out the east front under and beyond the overhanging lantern, and incidentally to provide additional office accommodations. That need is now pressing, so that artistic and practical considerations combine to urge the prompt execution of the plan. But it is a task of great delicacy. It would be easy to deface the whole eastern aspect of the Capitol irretrievably; and even if the work were respectable in detail, small sins against proportion would inevitably cheapen our most impressive monumental structure. In Mr. Woods's hands the extension would mean vulgarization. His ill-advised efforts in Statuary Hall and the Supreme Court Room have already given only too lamentably the measure of his taste. To set him at tinkering the east front would be disastrous.

Why, it may be asked, did the early Congresses employ Bulfinch, and the civil-war Congresses Walter, but later ones Woods? What curious history of deterioration of taste and knowledge lies behind this antithesis? To answer these questions would be to write a history of American civilization. It is better to strike at the two chief fallacies that obscure the Congressional intelligence in architectural matters, namely, personal favoritism and economy. We waive the question whether or not Mr. Woods is amiable, and pass to the fallacy of economy. On various occasions architects have been roundly berated in Congress for charging the customary 5 per cent. commission. This charge has been characterized as extortionate; even Senator Lodge has declared that it ought to be cut in two. It seems to carry no weight with Congress that business men and corporations pay this fee without question. Right in Washington the Pennsylvania Railroad is paying it on a new monumental station, while grave Senators are vehemently protesting that splendid buildings may be put up without the intervention of an architect, and, of course, without the remuneration of any of the suspected craft. It is difficult to treat this folly and ignorance with any patience. That it actually costs a conscientious architect 3 per cent. on the cost to plan and supervise a monumental building is perfectly demonstrable. That the 2 per cent. actual profit in the transaction is more than saved to the client could be readily shown. For only the architect stands between him and imperfect—hence costly—plans, needless alterations, and inferior materials.

If the Senate and House imagine that there is any economy in paying Mr. Woods's salary and expenses in lieu of the usual architect's commission, they greatly deceive themselves. Cheap plans are usually the dearest for any building, and in a monumental edifice the possibilities of sheer waste through ignorance are enormous. Mr. Woods has already frittered away a round million dollars on internal alterations of the Capitol which are largely impairments. Congress should wait until he has shown his quality on the great office building before it begins to save money by letting him try his hand on the Capitol.

Apparently, the clause directing that the Capitol be extended by unskilled labor was slipped into the Sundry Civil Service bill without any realization of its meaning. It remains for the Senate to repair this negligence of the House. Fortunately, there are a few Senators who respect the historic associations of the Capitol, and have learned that even in the designing of buildings talent and experience are better than audacity and ignorance. All cultivated people throughout the land count upon this remnant in the Senate to save from disfigurement the noble building left us by the enlightened employers of Bulfinch and Walter.

TEACHING THE TIBETANS.

Lord Rosebery, commenting in the Lords on the Tibetan expedition, declared that it was all about a taste in tea. The followers of the Lama liked Chinese tea; they must be taught to like Indian tea; hence Col. Younghusband's diplomatic mission with a brigade. Joking aside, Lord Rosebery's sally gives at least a part of the reasons for the shambles at Guru. The whole story of the expedition is so instructive a chapter in the embarrassments of empire that it deserves briefly to be reviewed.

Tibet is a dependency of China, and signatory of treaties with England under which the English have hoped to enjoy certain trade privileges. These Tibet has been slow to grant, remaining true to her instinct of isolation. Col. Younghusband's expedition had the unprecedented duty of compelling a foreign Power to resume and perfect these old trade negotiations. Note that this was not in any proper sense a punitive expedition. No outrage was alleged; there was no more or better reason for an expedition in the winter of 1903

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than there had been every year since the treaty of 1893. It was professedly a friendly effort to lead the Tibetan horse to the diplomatic water and make him drink. Of course, the bugbear of Russian ascendency at Lhasa and the imminence of the war in the Far East helped to hurry up Col. Younghusband.

To pundits in international law we submit the status of a formidable military body which enters foreign territory for the amicable purpose of expediting negotiations. Apparently, it may be regarded as a hostile army or a swollen diplomatic escort, according to the temper of the invaded people. As Col. Younghusband moved into the Dalai Lama's kingdom he had the chagrin to be ignored in either capacity. Nobody opposed and nobody treated with him. After a fruitless wait of some months at Khamba-Jong, hardly beyond the Indian border, the expedition was reinforced and proceeded toward Lhasa.

At last they met a Tibetan general "with a quaint retinue," and perhaps two regiments of troops who held a wall across the highroad. Col. Younghusband doubtless exchanged the usual compliments with the native commander, and expressed the purpose of his mission, namely, negotiation. The general from Lhasa was willing to negotiate, but requested Col. Younghusband first to retire to Yatung. The request was in itself reasonable, for Yatung is the furthest town in Southern Tibet that is open to foreigners. Probably the demand of retirement was hardly an ultimatum. Col. Younghusband was not likely to retrace his steps over the frightful passes he had just conquered. Very likely if Col. Younghusband had simply held his ground and demanded that the negotiations begin at Guru, he might have carried his point. But all this is mere speculation, for suddenly there happened one of those sickening tragedies which seem inevitable when a stronger force deals with a despised race.

Col. Macdonald, driven by what necessity does not appear, conceived the unhappy idea of dispersing the Tibetans "without the use of arms," and apparently hoped to capture the general and his force without striking a blow. Mind you, these Mongols were in their own land, guarding their own road, and in peril of capture by strangers. They were simple folk, and knew nothing about the ulterior designs of the British Empire upon their territory. Of course, they resisted, till, caught between their own wall and the British machine guns, they lay dead in heaps around their leader. It is no sentimentalism that cries out upon such a blood-letting. We know that advancing the boundaries of civilization is stern work, and that the blood of native martyrs is the seed of new spheres of influence. The Tibetans deserve commiseration above our Indians or Filipinos only because their offence was purely commercial. They do not take scalps nor run amuck, there is no pressure of pioneers over the ridges of the Himalayas, England has not bought the roof of the world with a price. In short, all the usual palliations of the slaughter of weak folk by strong fail in this case. These people have been slain for an hypothesis, massacred to maintain a commercial forecast. That Indian tea may go north, that Russia may not slip south, this general with his quaint retinue and his half-armed soldiers is shot down. The generous features of war are wholly absent; all is as sordid as the terrorizing of a tribe for gold in the Congo rubber forests.

The chances are now for war and forgetting of the tortuous stages by which the conflict was brought about; for setting the matter down to the inevitable costs of empire. But anybody who considers the transaction in the light of morals will find that in this matter the British are condemned for utter hypocrisy. To send a brigade into a foreign country is war. War, then, it should have been; or else a longer patience for the sake of peace. If the British wanted Tibet for trade reasons, or strategic, they had abundant precedent for marching in and taking it. What damns the Younghusband expedition is that it was solemnly organized in the name of the peace of the world and the betterment of relations between the Emperor of India and the Lama.

It is a sardonic coincidence that just as England is slaughtering some thousands of Chinese subjects in Tibet, Sir Robert Hart should be presenting his plan for the reorganization of the Chinese army. To reconcile these two events will sorely tax the much-abused "Oriental imagination." For, in a sense, the rehabilitation of the Chinese army would be a step towards avenging the wanton slaying at Guru. Here we strike the essential viciousness of the Younghusband expedition. It was and is a very probable way of embroiling England with China. The British Government would never have dreamed of sending an expeditionary force to Eastern China, but, yielding to Colonial pressure, it has invaded the Western plateau on the theory that the Tibetans needed only to be sufficiently bluffed. Now the Government has learned at some cost that people will fight when their land is invaded and they themselves subjected to personal indignities. If no larger complication arises from the tragedy of Guru, it will be due to the prostrate condition of China, and no thanks to Mr. Balfour's bungling diplomacy. Meanwhile, the Chinese reformers, who observe foreign politics with a keen eye, must gain some amusement from the attempt of England to arm China against Russia in the East, while an armed expedition, "the diplomatic character of which remains unaltered," we are assured, is shattering Chinese domination in the West.

OF PORTRAITURE.

All the arts employed in portraiture break down somewhere. Who can put his finger infallibly upon the true bust of Cæsar? Is the Stratford bust or the Droeshout print more like Shakspere, or is neither a veracious presentment? Shall Houdon, Peale, or Stuart fix for us the lineaments of Washington? May we rest in Carpenter's oil painting of Lincoln, or in Marshall's engraving, or in Saint Gaudens's Chicago statue? But with Lincoln we are already in the age of the daguerreotype and the photograph. Yet this only increases our perplexity, so numerous and diverse are the camera's reports. Bad posing and focussing distort and vulgarize; and then the man himself, sun-pictured at various ages, undergoes great changes of expression, takes on new lines of care and responsibility and sadness, from beardless becomes bearded. In the end, everybody forms a sort of composite image of the great statesman, and selects whatever print or photograph comes nearest to this abstraction.

Photography from life does, indeed, enable us to form unerring inferences about the subject's appearance, at least in a general way—the fashion of the hair, for one thing, the size and shape of nose, mouth, and ears, the space between the eyes, the character of the brows; yet each liable to correction for untrue planes, points out of focus, and the maladroitness or trick of the printing. Retouching, Rembrandtesque lighting, conceal features essential to be known, or falsify the complexion. Deliberate flattery is the fortune of many a photographer; but with the best intention to be honest, he may and perhaps must fall short quite as often as he produces something authentic. In a rather extended comparison of photographs submitted by candidates for teachers in our public schools, when (we are speaking of women) there is every motive for heightening personal attractiveness, we have found the original usually better than her effigy. In fact, as was said by an old sea-captain of "fast sailers," to get ahead the camera needs "a great deal of assistance."

Perhaps that age is most fortunate when *one* artistic memorial finds universal acceptance with contemporaries, and determines the conception of posterity. Still, being one, it must needs be popularized, and then begins the divagation that lends so much instructiveness, through grave copying of copies, to a collection of portraits of any historical personage. His admirers who buy for their walls are influenced partly by their ideal, partly by the art of the reproduction, content to have, if not the real hero, a worthy tribute of genius in whatever form, graphic or glyptic.

Let us suppose that such a collector or admirer wishes to procure the genuine Jean Jacques Rousseau. Perplexed by the multitude of representations — full-face and profile; bonneted, peruked, and bare-headed—divisible under some half-dozen types, he seeks a clew to the labyrinth. To sum up, he finds the death-mask made by Houdon, who used it for numerous busts; the pastel portrait made from life in 1753, by Maurice Quentin de la

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Tour—the original now preserved in the Musée de Saint-Quentin; the replica from the same hand, made in 1764 and now in the Musée Rath at Geneva; the oil painting made by Allan Ramsay in London in 1766, now in the National Gallery in Edinburgh. The wax *modèle* in relief made by Isaac Grosset the elder at the same date—who knows what has become of it? It is not included in the list of this artist's works given in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' These are the sole authoritative standards.

Confining ourselves to the two paintings, we remark that Ramsay's portrait begot grander and finer engravings than La Tour's. His own country was not unmindful of the prophet, but Rousseau was a veritable lion in England; and whereas La Tour's work was a labor of love, Ramsay painted by order of David Hume, and the two engravings then and there made after him, by David Martin and by Richard Purcell (alias "C. Corbutt")—the latter reversed—are superb folio mezzotints. Comparable in scale, if somewhat coarse in execution, is J. B. Nochez's line engraving after Martin, published in Paris in 1769. In the case of La Tour, the first engraving appears to be L. J. Cathelin's (1763), bearing no name, but only Rousseau's device, *Vitam impendere vero*, in accordance with his authorization of July 21, 1762, to the Maréchale de Luxembourg, then the owner of the pastel of 1753. (The fine engraving by Augustin de Saint-Aubin from the same portrait is reversed.) So far so good, and now we may choose between the La Tour in French fashionable costume and Ramsay in Armenian bonnet and fur-bordered cloak. Which is the real Rousseau? Either, one might respond; in spite of a difference so great that they never would be suspected to stand for the same man—for they were taken thirteen years apart, or between the time when the Citizen of Geneva was delighting the Court with his opera, "Le Devin du Village," and the time when, having renounced that citizenship upon the public burning of his 'Émile' in his native place as well as in Paris, he began his long wanderings, haunted by the monomania of a universal conspiracy against him.

A man's opinion of his own portrait is proverbially discredited. In this case we cannot tolerate "Rousseau juge de Jean-Jacques" as in his famous Dialogues. He had a pronounced predilection for La Tour's portrait of him. It has, in fact, a smiling expression, not "touching," as Bernardin de Saint-Pierre found it, yet with the "je ne sais quoi d'aimable, de fin." Diderot, who viewed it in the Salon of 1753, thought La Tour (a wonderful technician, in his opinion) to have made rather a pretty thing than a masterpiece; and criticised the dress of the courtier, that masked the author of the Discourse on Inequality, and even the comfortable rush-bottomed chair he was seated in—clearly not the man implied in Marmontel's lines affixed to the pastel—

"Sages, arrêtez-vous; gens du monde, passez."

Ramsay's canvas, to our eyes, conveys far more strikingly the personal charm and the lively intellect of Jean-Jacques. It shows also those "regards perçants et inquiets," that "œil oblique," of the self-tormentor, which Dusaulx noticed in their first interview three years later. Rousseau sitting for it (or standing in a constrained attitude, if we may believe his subsequent account) found no fault with it. He speaks, in his letter to Du Peyrou of March 29, 1766, of the "good painter," whose work the King had asked to see, and which was so much approved that it was to be engraved. Later, upon his breach with Hume, the portrait seemed a part of the foul conspiracy by which he had been brought to England, and he denounced it (but apparently upon the engravings) as an attempt to make a sullen and frightful Cyclops of him.

Was Hume disappointed? The first night out from Paris, it will be remembered, the poor Frenchman, sleeping in the same room with his patron, heard him cry out with the ominous words, "Je tiens J.-J. Rousseau!" Had he really "got" him, with Ramsay's aid? We shall never know how good the likeness is. The National Gallery of Scotland has "got" it, and our collector must put up with an engraving. Martin's he cannot fail to envy for its art, but if he compares it minutely with a photograph direct from Ramsay, he will discover fatal aberrations, the parent of countless others in the long line of repetitions. Not without reason did Rousseau censure it for the eyes, which, if not Cyclopic, are larger and more open, are lighter, and have none of the rather beady expression of the painting. This change carries the eyebrows and forehead higher, affects the width of the head, alters the angular curve of the Armenian bonnet, thickens the upper lip of the wonderfully sensitive mouth, and in other ways departs from the model. Yet no expense was spared to command the best talent for this copy.

Photography, which enables us to make this damaging comparison, also paves the way for a nearer approach to a trustworthy engraving. The defects we have noticed may have been those of the draughtsman combined with the engraver's. It is now possible to photograph upon the wood-block, and to have the base as true as the camera can make it. This has actually been done within the past few weeks by the indefatigable Gustav Kruell, and we are prepared to say that here and now for the first time in any country has Ramsay's portrait been engraved in a manner to inspire confidence, as well as in the highest style of art. It comes in good time, for in 1912 the world will be celebrating the 200th anniversary of the birth of Rousseau.

FROM WATERLOO TO ST. HELENA—II.

PARIS, March 23, 1904.

We left Napoleon at Rambouillet. He spent the night there, being slightly indisposed, and started thence on the 30th of June. At Tours he had a brief interview with M. de Miramon, formerly one of his chamberlains. He passed through Poitiers and Saint-Maixent unrecognized, and reached Niort in the evening of the 1st of July. He stopped there at a small inn in the faubourg. Being recognized, crowds gathered at the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" At Niort he received a letter from the Maritime Prefect of Rochefort, Capt. Bonnefous, who said that an English squadron was blockading the port. It seemed extremely dangerous to him to attempt to force a passage. The squadron, under the command of Admiral Hotham, consisted of three men-of-war, two frigates, and a division of small ships, but it was spread over a very great distance, from the point of Quiberon to the mouth of the Gironde. There was in reality before Rochefort but one big ship, the *Bellerophon*, and two small ones. Bonnefous's letter greatly annoyed Napoleon, who was only partially consoled by the popular ovations. In accordance with his instructions, Gen. Beker wrote a new and pressing letter to the Executive Committee in Paris; but Napoleon already saw no other way out of his difficulties than to place himself in the hands of the English. Many offers were made to him by the officers of the garrisons; he knew, however, that large armies were marching on Paris. He left Niort, after giving a napoleon to each soldier of the Second Hussars Regiment, and started for Rochefort. In every village which he passed through, he was cheered and received with acclamations.

Within a few days, the Maritime Prefect of Rochefort had received orders to arm two frigates, the *Saale* and the *Méduse*, to embark Napoleon and his followers for the United States. The frigates were to leave port immediately after Napoleon's arrival, provided that "the enemy were unable to oppose their departure." All was ready when, on the morning of the 3d of July, the Emperor arrived. He was anxious to start at once, but Bonnefous said that the winds were not favorable. Napoleon presided over a sort of council of war, to which he summoned Vice-Admiral Martin, who lived near Rochefort. The council decided that it would be impossible for the French frigate to escape the vigilance of the English ships. Admiral Martin advised the Emperor to go on horseback or in a small boat to Royan, at the mouth of the Gironde, where was the corvette the *Bayadère*, Capt. Baudin. "I know Baudin," said he; "he is the only man capable of conducting the Emperor safely to America." The proposition was accepted, and Bonnefous sent a courier to Baudin. Baudin answered the next day:

"The Emperor can confide in me. I was opposed on principle to his attempt to reascend the throne, as I considered it fatal to France, and events have justified only too well my previsions. To-day, there is nothing that I am not disposed to undertake to spare my country the humiliation of seeing its sovereign fall into the hands of our most implacable enemy. My father died of joy when he heard of the return from Egypt of Gen. Bonaparte. I should die of grief on seeing the Emperor leave France if I thought that, by remaining, he might still do something for her. But he must leave only to live an honored life in a free country, not to die a prisoner of his enemies."

Baudin offered to conduct Napoleon to America either in one of his ships, the *Bayadère* or the *Infatigable*, or on board the *Pike*, a very swift American ship, which he would convoy. "In case of an encounter, I would devote myself with my corvettes, and, however superior the enemy might be, I should be sure to check him." Napoleon, unfortunately for himself, temporized. He still had some hope of receiving English passports; he had not quite abandoned the hope of a military, of a popular, rising. If all was lost, he meditated giving himself up to England. No news came, the wind continued to be unfavorable, the English squadron was still in

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sight. Many of the Emperor's followers arrived. Napoleon received a visit from his brother Joseph, who offered to start with him. The inhabitants of Rochefort made constant demonstrations of loyalty to the Emperor.

On the 8th of July Beker received a letter from the Provisional Government in Paris. Fouché sent this order: "Napoleon must embark without delay. . . . You don't know how much the surety of the State is compromised by his hesitation. You must in consequence employ all forcible means while endeavoring to show the respect due to Napoleon. He must make no further offer of his services; our duties to France and our engagements with the Powers forbid us to accept them." Beker, on receipt of this communication, pressed the Emperor to come to a decision. Napoleon told him to prepare transportation for himself and suite to the island of Aix, not far from the place where the two French frigates were waiting. He left Rochefort and took the road to La Rochelle. At Fouras the transports were in readiness. The shore was covered with sailors and women, who screamed "Vive l'Empereur!" Once on the sea, which was very stormy, Napoleon ordered that the transports should take him directly to the frigates. He was received with military honors on board the *Saale*. The next day, the weather being better, he made a long visit to the island of Aix, reviewed, though he was in civilian clothes, a regiment of marines which had been very recently formed, inspected the fortifications, and talked with the officers, as if he were still the head of the army. Returning on board the *Saale*, he found a fresh dispatch from the Provisional Government, which gave Gen. Beker precise instruction, namely, that a ship should be placed at the Emperor's disposal, but that on no account, once departed, could he land again on French territory.

Napoleon decided to send Rovigo and Las Cases to the commander of the English squadron. The commander of the *Bellerophon*, Captain Maitland, received them with great courtesy. He was ignorant of recent events, except the result of the battle of Waterloo; he had heard nothing about the passports which Napoleon asked for, but would refer the subject to his chief, Admiral Hotham, who was stationed at Quiberon. Meanwhile he should be obliged to attack the French frigates if they left the port, to visit all neutral and merchant ships, and, if Napoleon was found aboard, to keep him prisoner pending the decision of the admiral. At the close of a conversation which took place during breakfast on board the *Bellerophon*, Maitland suddenly said, "But why should not Napoleon ask for an asylum in England?" The French plenipotentiaries, who expected this suggestion, answered that England was very near France, and its climate would not suit Napoleon.

The negative result of the interview with Maitland alarmed the officers and sailors of the French frigates. The captain of the *Méduse* offered to make a night attack on the *Bellerophon*, and to sacrifice his ship in order that the *Saale*, with Napoleon on board, might make its escape. This heroic proposition of Captain Ponée touched the Emperor, but he thought he no longer had a right to accept it, as he had ceased to be Emperor. He was advised soon afterwards that Captain Philibert, in command of the whole French squadron, had received orders not to expose his ships to any danger. Thus cut off from counting on the frigates, he fell back on the idea of delivering himself up to the English. He left the *Saale* and landed in a boat on the island of Aix, with Gourgaud, Bertrand, and Beker. His suite followed him. The captain of the *Méduse*, Ponée, exclaimed: "What a pity he did not come on my ship! I would have forced the blockade. . . . He does not know the English! Poor Napoleon, you are lost!" The officers of the regiment of marines in the island of Aix made plans for Napoleon's escape; but, since he had left the Malmaison, he had never seen but three ways open to him worthy of his character—to take boldly again the command of the army; to embark on the French frigates with regular passports and go to America; or to give himself up to England. After some hesitation—some preparations even for an escape on a Danish merchant ship which was waiting in the Gironde—Napoleon took his final resolution and sent Las Cases to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*. Maitland did not know the ulterior designs of his Government, but he gave the French plenipotentiaries to understand that Napoleon would find in England a suitable reception. "Even if," he said, "the ministers had a different will, public opinion, powerful in our country, would force them to act according to the generous sentiments of the English nation." General Lallemand accompanied Las Cases. His participation in the military events which had followed the return from Elba led him to ask if Napoleon ran the risk of being delivered to the Government of the Bourbons. "Certainly not," said Maitland. The English captain said more than he had a right to say, and the account of his assurances partly induced Napoleon to write his famous letter to the Prince Regent:

"Your Royal Highness, exposed to the factions which divide my country and to the enmity of the greatest Powers in Europe, I have put an end to my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to sit at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of its laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as from the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

The Emperor confided this letter to Gourgaud, by whom he wished it to be placed in the hands of the Prince Regent. Gourgaud returned for the third time to the *Bellerophon*. Meanwhile, a messenger from the new Minister of the Navy, Count Jaucourt, had arrived, enjoining the Maritime Prefect Bonnefous to prevent all communication of Napoleon with the English squadron. Napoleon left the island of Aix and went on board the brig *Epervier* on the 15th of July, at sunrise.

"He wore his sword, his little hat, the green coat of colonel of the Chasseurs de la Garde. It was the first time he had put it on since his departure from the Malmaison. The commander of the brig, Lieut. Jourdan de la Passardière, received him. All the sailors were on deck, much moved, with tears in their eyes. Napoleon inspected them, hailed, as during the days of victory, by the cry of 'Vive l'Empereur!' Lieut. Borgnis-Desbordes, sent by the *Saale*, said to Jourdan in a whisper, 'Make haste, for they may come to arrest the Emperor.' 'Not on the *Epervier*,' proudly said Jourdan, 'as long as I live.'"

Beker accompanied the Emperor on the brig, and asked if he ought to go further, as far as the English squadron. Napoleon looked long at him and answered gravely, "No, General Beker; return to the island of Aix. It must not be said that France delivered me to the English."

Correspondence.

PORTO RICAN ASPIRATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A paragraph in your issue of February 25, relating to Porto Rican affairs, is likely to mislead those who are unfamiliar with insular politics. In it you speak of a resolution adopted by the "Federal Assembly," calling for statehood or independence. From this the casual reader might infer that the Legislature of the island had taken such action.

Now, the House of Delegates is the only elective body in Porto Rico, and is composed of Federals and Republicans, who represent the two political parties. The House is strongly Republican. During the month of February, and coincident with the session of the House, a group of Federals and their sympathizers met together at the Hotel Olimpo in Santurce, a suburb of San Juan, and passed the resolution to which you refer. A political gathering at the Madison Square Garden or in Carnegie Hall might have an equal significance. There is, therefore, no more reason to suppose that this resolution represents the aspirations of the people at large than there would be for assuming that the United States in 1901 believed in free silver because of the sixteen-to-one plank in the Democratic platform.—Respectfully,

Arthur Hugh Frazier.

Executive Mansion, San Juan, March 28, 1904.

CUBAN ARCHIVES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am indebted to Señor Vidal Morales, Archivist of the Archivo Nacional in the castle of La Fuerza, Havana, for the following information bearing on the possibility of tracing material on the history of Louisiana in Cuba. Prior to 1842 each superintendent of a province had his own archive in his office. The general archive was created by royal decree in 1842. Since its creation it has occupied three buildings in succession. In 1889 there is a record of transfer to Seville, made by royal decree under the archivist in charge, N. Comejo. All the archives remaining in Cuba are now gathered together in the Archivo Nacional.—Yours truly,

William Beer, Librarian.

Howard Memorial Library, New Orleans, March 30, 1904.

IS ITALY DECADENT?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is a curious sign of our later lack of enlightenment, this present tendency to deride and underestimate the land to which we owe our literature, our art, our music, our science—in short, our civilization. A specially blatant expression of it appeared in a recent number of the *Bookman*, un-

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der the imposing title of "Historical Significance of Decadent Literature," in which that singularly ill-informed writer, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, declares, not only that Italy is decadent, but is "an old corpse reeking with rottenness, degradation, and disease; a thing of the past; gangrene crying out for decent burial." All of which "hideous facts" she finds "epitomized in the novels of D'Annunzio." As D'Annunzio is adored in Paris and despised in Rome; as his great public is in France, where his works are first published in French, it might seem that decadence would be found in the nation that admired the decadent writer, rather than in the race that rejected him.

The absurdity of laying such stress upon the writings of a single author would make the statement not worth refutation if it were not so striking an illustration of a widely prevalent and utterly false idea concerning a noble nation, to which the modern world has been so deeply indebted for all that makes life worth living. Literature and art have long ago acknowledged their obligation; and the most modern of sciences, electricity, has adopted the names of Italian inventors as words to express the new powers with which it deals. The test of the decadence of a nation is not the work of an individual writer, but the decrease of its fecundity and consequent loss of population. It is not in Italy that you hear of "race-suicide." On the contrary, the growth of the population is so great that the land cannot support it, and, though the excess is spreading out over the world, the number at home is not perceptibly diminished. Had the writer of this mendacious attack on Italy really, as she says, "been born with the faculty to see," she would have recognized valuable qualities in the vast Italian immigration to our shores. She would have noticed their sobriety, industriousness, faithfulness, which have been remarked by careful observers wherever Italian laborers have appeared—by people, too, who had been misled by the prevalent misconception of Italian character, and expected to find their quiet towns invaded by a horde of brigands, but afterward declared that a better and more orderly set of workmen had never appeared in their midst.

To one who has lived for the last decade in Italy and learned to appreciate and admire the Italian character, it is most gratifying to find the stupid prejudice against the race thus disappearing. When one really knows Italy, one knows how to appreciate the simple, healthy, sober family life he sees everywhere about him. The decadent exists in Italy, as in Boston; but the decadent most in evidence in Italy is the degenerate foreigner, the Englishman, the German, the idle American, whom the Italian authorities are arresting and striving to drive out of the country. The leisure class in any country is not the representative of the nation's life; and a race that is three or four times as prolific as the New England Yankee is far from decadence.

Everywhere in Italy the careful observer is struck with the great progress which this young nation has made in its brief existence of less than three decades. In that short period they have become a literate people, and are rapidly becoming an industrial as well as an agricultural community. The Italian cities, from being hotbeds of filth and ignorance and disease, are to-day cleaner and healthier than our own; and, what is more, the streets are safer. Crimes have been committed in the streets of Boston and New York this winter which one never hears of in Rome and Milan; and when we reflect on the ugly disfigurements we allow in our thoroughfares, and the amount we expend in beautifying our cities, comparing our vast means to Italian poverty, we are not prone to accuse the Italian of being behind us in civilization.

Poor as the Italian nation is, and burdened with immense expenses for an army and navy on which its very existence depends, it yet finds $20,000,000 a year for the support of its common schools; and its charities are the most extensive and splendid in the world. I have not space to enumerate the many proofs of life and activity—the factory chimneys everywhere rising, the great increase of commerce, the endless evidences to be seen if one is really "born with the faculty of seeing." If one insists that he has found only rottenness, degradation, and disease, we must remind that prejudiced observer of the remark of the distinguished French lecturer to the discourteous clergyman, who could find nothing but rottenness and filth in the Parisian Sunday: "These things can also be found in New York if you like to wallow in filth." But that fact does not prove that New York is rotten and a decaying corpse.

WILLIAM P. ANDREWS.

SALEM, MASS., March 29, 1904.

"THE ABOLITION OF WAR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To the readers of the article under the above title (*Nation*, No. 2020) the following passage from Montesquieu may be of interest:

"If great conquests are so difficult, so vain, so dangerous, what can be said of this disease of our century which leads to the maintenance everywhere of an inordinate number of troops? It has its reduplications and necessarily becomes contagious. For as soon as one state increases what it calls its forces, the others suddenly increase theirs, so that nothing is gained thereby except the common ruin. Each monarch maintains all the armies that he could have if the peoples were in danger of being exterminated, and this state of exertion of all against all is called peace. Therefore Europe is so ruined that three civilians in the condition in which are the three most opulent powers of this part of the world would not have anything to live on. We are poor with the wealth and commerce of the whole world. . . . The result of such a condition is the constant increase of taxes; and—what prevents all future remedies—they no longer depend on their revenues, but they carry on war with their capital. It is not unprecedented to see states mortgage their capital even during peace, and employ for their mutual ruin such extraordinary means that the most prodigal young nobleman would hardly be able to invent them for himself" ('Deux Opuscules de Montesquieu,' pp. 40, 41).

Such passages against war are frequent in most of the other French writers of the eighteenth century. Buffon, who often declares against war, says in his introduction to the 'Époques de la Nature': 'Would to Heaven that the names of all these so-called heroes whose crimes or sanguinary glory have been celebrated, were buried in the night of oblivion."

TIMOTHY CLORAN.

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 1, 1904.

PROFESSOR BUTCHER'S LECTURES AT HARVARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps some of the readers of the *Nation* would like to have their attention called to the course of lectures from Professor Butcher now in progress at Cambridge. This course is the initial one of a lecture foundation established by Gardiner Lane, esq., in memory of his father, the late Professor Lane. Professor Butcher is well known for his distinguished service in classical scholarships. His career began as Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. From '76 to '82 he was Professor of Greek in University College, Oxford. Since 1882, for more than twenty years, he has been professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, where he succeeded the brilliant but somewhat whimsical John Stuart Blackie. Mr. Butcher recently received a signal mark of honor when Mr. Balfour presided at the banquet which was given him on occasion of his retirement (to the deep regret of all) from his professorship of Greek. Lovers of Homer have long been familiar with Mr. Butcher's translation of the Odyssey, in association with Andrew Lang. Since then have followed: 'Demosthenes,' 1881, 'Aspects of Greek Thought,' 1891, and 'Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art,' 1898.

The audience which welcomed Mr. Butcher on Monday was one which it would have been hard to match in any other place in our country. The semicircular audience room of the Fogg Museum was crowded to the doors. Professor Morgan introduced the lecturer in words glowing, but not a whit too warm, and Professor Butcher expressed with deep feeling the gratification which it gave him to stand before an American audience in such a place and with such surroundings. The lecture was a rapid survey of what was most distinctive of the Greek and Hebrew genius.

Mr. Butcher began by a reference to Dodona, with the wild and primitive worship of Zeus. Thence he passed to the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, and showed how Apollo was the prophet of Zeus, and how the mind of the supreme God was declared by gifted priests in measured, wise, and beautiful utterances. He pointed out how Delphi concerned itself in politics, could not maintain its incorruptibility, and how, when it failed politically, Athens took up and completed its work.

The Hebrews, said Professor Butcher, were doomed to sterility. They had no public spirit, no art. Art, in their view, led to idolatry and was accursed. Even the searching for causes, so passionate a quest of the Greek, was vanity to Ecclesiastes. But what poetry they had! Consider the unapproachable beauty of the Psalms, the sublimity of Job, the grandeur of Isaiah. A considerable portion of the lecture consisted of an analysis and comparison of "Promotheus Bound" and the Book of Job. One rarely finds a finer piece of literary criticism than this study, which, we may be sure, will appear in book form.

The lecturer discussed the Greek and the

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Hebrew view of history. The story of the Jewish past is the story of the generation of man. History, to the Jew, is the drama in which God himself is the chief actor. Much of what arrests attention in the view of historians of other nations is nothing to the Hebrews, who always look for the underlying spiritual significance of events. Herodotus alone, in his search for the divine providence, approaches them.

One of the most beautiful passages in the lecture was the description of Plato's 'Republic.' Plato does not expect all mankind, or a large part of mankind, to be interested in, or to be elevated by, his discourse. He is in search of a true method of training intellect and character for those who can appreciate and use this method. Greek culture was always a culture for the few. Even their wonderful artistic faculty, we must realize, was not possessed by all.

The Greek was not much inclined to speculate about the future. "Uncertain is the future," said one of his proverbs. But the Hebrew prophets laid hold of the future with invincible trust. The loss of the Hebrew's country seemed to point him to the city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God. "I do not ask you," said Professor Butcher, "to estimate the value of the contribution of each race, considered by itself alone, to our modern life and thought. Both are indispensable. Each is the supplement of the other."

It is impossible to give any just idea of how filled with fresh thought the lecture was, how stimulating and quickening; and seldom does an audience of the highest cultivation give such proof of appreciation as Professor Butcher's audience gave by their eager attention and enthusiastic, prolonged applause. Not only Cambridge is to be congratulated in securing this brilliant course of lectures, but Columbia and Johns Hopkins, which Professor Butcher visits later.

ROBERT P. KEEP.

FARMINGTON, CONN., April 3, 1904.

MONUMENTA POMPEIANA: ITALIAN ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Cornell University Library, and presumably other large book collectors in America, are in process of acquiring a foreign repository of art, some of whose peculiarities seem to merit the attention of your readers. I refer to a serial publication entitled "Monumenta Pompeiana" now coming out, fascicle by fascicle, in Naples, Italy, reproducing in exquisitely colored plates various Pompeian mural decorations, and in cosmopolitan fashion explaining those plates with quadruple parallel texts in Italian, French, German, and English. This work, large portions of which must be of intense interest and delight to professional archæologists, should prove of more than passing interest and pleasure to all lovers of decorative art throughout the cultured world, not only on account of the remarkable excellence and instructiveness of the Pompeian originals here reproduced, but also because of the intrinsic beauty of form and color in the reproductions. Naturally, it is an expensive work. Twenty-four fascicles (71 pages, folio) have already been received at Cornell; some twenty-six are still expected. Since each fascicle is listed at $2.40, and there are to be about fifty fascicles in all, the entire set will cost approximately $120. The purchaser may in reason set his expectations of thorough workmanship fairly high. I have indicated the general opinion held at Ithaca concerning the finish and value of the plates in this collection. What is to be said of the rest of the work, namely, the explanatory text?

The Italian version we may suppose readable enough, and the French and the German we may leave to the scrutiny of such scholars in those tongues as are amused by comparative study of idiom. I should like to direct the notice of your readers, among others, students of our language, to that part of the text which is designed for the special edification of an intelligent public in Great Britain and America; that is, to the grotesque and painful English that offers to interpret these admirable plates for the laity. The following choice exotics are from an anthology of ludicrous excerpts made for my own entertainment and for the diversion of a class in English composition. The first selection consists of two paragraphs accompanying Plate XLIV.:

"The wall reproduced on this plate contains a painting exhibiting Peronas and Micon. It is a subject practised both in mural pictures and in plastic works, also found at Pompei: Peronas feeding with her own milk her old father, Micon, shut in prison and doomed to die of hunger for capital crime. The sad legend reported in fact that young Peronas having requested to visit her father, had been introduced into the prison, after having been submitted to guardian's perquisition, to ascertain whether she brought any food [the Italian corresponding to the preceding sentence reads: "La pietosa legenda infatti narrava che la giovane Perona, avendo chiesto di visitare il padre ed essendo stata perquisita dal custode, se mai recasse alcun cibo, venne introdotta nel carcere"]: and that with her own milk she feeded the extenuated old man ["l'estenuato vecchio"]. After some days, being the prisoner still in life, the guardian surprised of the strange phenomenon, took to himself to spy through the hole of the prison, in order to see what was th er the matter during the daily visit that the young woman paid to the old man. On seeing such a pitiful deed, he reported it to the magistrates, who in homage of so rare a filial devotion, granted grace of life to old Micon, restoring him to liberty.

"That there existed wonderful paintings relative to such a case of filial love, and too, so highly known and admired as to serve for original of reproduction to minor artists, such as pompeian decorators, this is desumed from Valerius Maximum himself (v., 4.), a chief literary source of Peronas' piety."

A second sample of English rich and strange may not encroach too far upon your space. The text in question is supposed to illuminate Plate XLVII., which reproduces a wall-painting representing athletes in the palæstra. I give a fraction of one paragraph:

"In the pavilion to left appears another athlete quite naked, who followed by a *puer* scours (*destringit*) his forehead with the silver strigilis (currycomb) holding in his right hand. As a matter of course, athletes, before fight, were wont to anoint their body with oil in order to draw off their adversary's grasping. Then the floor of the palaestra was spread all over with sand, to avoid that gymnastic men, falling down, should be exposed to lethal consequences. To the oil, with which palaestricus were anointed, and to the sand with which they blotted, add sweat an [un]avoidable consequence of strife and you may easily get an idea of the pitiful state in which said palaestricus left the field of battle. Consequently the imposing necessity of scouring with strigilis, that commonly were bronze ones."

Such is the ridiculous and unpardonable jargon that stammers through a fourth part of this polyglot key to Pompeian mural decoration. Were we dealing with the "explications" of an irresponsible guide-book sold around the entrance of some Continental picture-gallery, we might find less reason for public comment. This series of "Monumenta Pompeiana," however, is another sort of enterprise, and deserves no silent criticism. It is a pretentious and costly work, full of invaluable pictorial matter for the student of history and art. Moreover, it could not be executed without sanction from the Government that maintains so strict surveillance over the ruins at Pompeii. There is no excuse for the gross negligence shown by the anonymous publishers in permitting the editorial matter to appear without revision by a competent English proof-reader.

LANE COOPER.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, CORNELL UNIVERSITY, March 30, 1904.

Notes.

Whatever the cause, one can but recognize the set of publishing towards a revival of books of travel. A new series is to be begun by A. S. Barnes & Co. with the title "The Trail-Makers: A Library of Great American Explorations," under the consulting editorship of Prof. John B. MacMaster. It will include Lewis and Clark's Journal, the Journey of Coronado from Mexico to Kansas and Nebraska (1540-2), translated and edited with an introduction by George Parker Winship, and many more standard works.

"The Narrative of Captivities" undertaken by Burrows Bros. Co. of Cleveland opens with 'A Short Biography of John Leeth, with an Account of his Life among the Indians,' edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. It is a thin duodecimo of 70 pages, including the index and the editor's introduction. It follows the first edition of 1831. Leeth was a South Carolinian, born in 1755. His capture by the Delawares at the trading post among them, now the town of Lancaster, O., occurred in 1774, and resulted in his adoption by and long practical identification with that tribe. From fur trader he passed to farmer, and so ended his days in 1831 not far from the scene of his first and only genuine captivity. He was an unlettered man, and the narrative was written out by Ewel Jeffries. There is a facsimile of the title-page of the 1831 edition.

The tireless Mr. Thwaites puts his hand also as editor to the "Early Western Travels, 1748-1845," just launched in Cleveland by the Arthur H. Clark Co. This is a much more stately series of reprints than the foregoing; octavo in size, and typographically very open and handsome, with broad margins. The first volume embraces the Journals of Conrad Weiser (1748), George Croghan (1750-1765), Christian Frederick Post (1758), and Thomas Morris—whose portrait alone is given—(1764). The reprint is reasonably literal, and the pagination of the original publication is indicated throughout; some omissions not involving the main text have been made. An analytical index is reserved for the conclusion of the series. The annotations are abundant and highly valuable. Each piece is preceded by a biographical notice. Morris's

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Journal is the only one that possesses any claim to be called literature, and it is a fitting climax to the collection. This British captain was presented by a Miami chief with "a volume of Shakespear's plays; a singular gift from a savage"; and soon after, near the Miamis' fort, when almost the whole village was sallying out to dispatch him, he "had the good fortune to stay in the canoe, reading the tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra." There will be thirty-one volumes.

The late Thomas Arnold's reprint, 'Dryden: An Essay of Dramatic Poesy [with the Defence of the same],' has been brought to a third edition by his son, William T. Arnold, partly from the father's notes (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde). It has a twofold claim to attention—for its theme and in itself as English prose; for general reading as well as for a text-book.

In conjunction with Hodder & Stoughton, London, Dodd, Mead & Co. publish two attractive little volumes, Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' commented by L. Morel, LL.D., and Borrow's episode of 'Isopel Berners,' edited by Thomas Seccombe, who furnishes an appetizing account of Borrow, followed, in dramatic fashion, by a list of the "Dwellers in the Dingle, and Some Others." A brief summary from 'Lavengro' then ushers in the extract proper.

The fifth edition (1896) of Bartholomew's 'Handy Reference Atlas of the World' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) marked the greatest change from the original edition of 1888, by the insertion of fresh double-page maps, and especially by the utilization of the back of each for smaller maps, adding 50 per cent. to the total. Maps and statistics are now put forth revised to date, and the duodecimo atlas will continue its career of usefulness and convenience known to many. It might have been well to exhibit the union of New York and Brooklyn, though the area of Greater New York is substantially embraced in the special map of this city and its environs. The index is one of the best features of the volume.

Mrs. James T. Fields's 'Charles Dudley Warner,' one of the attractive volumes of the Contemporary Men of Letters Series (McClure, Phillips & Co.), is hardly more than an elaborate sketch of its subject. Without being a record of personal acquaintance, even to the extent that it might profitably have been, it is warmed throughout by a sentiment of intimate appreciation. No one has written more affectingly than Mr. Warner of "being a boy," yet, even with the help of his delightful book, little is made here of his early years in western Massachusetts. A more serious lack is that of any treatment but the slightest of Mr. Warner's editorial work upon the Hartford *Courant*, his source of livelihood. What politics he held, what causes he espoused, how he stood in 1884—all this is silence. There is, to be sure, a letter from an associate on the *Courant*, but it conveys little of the desired information. We are better informed of the steps by which the humorist became a humanist, and the writer of 'My Summer in a Garden' a student of sociological problems, eager for reform. It is significant of Mrs. Fields's method that her emphasis is much heavier on Mr. Warner's interest in the Elmira Reformatory than on his novels, her mention of which is hardly more than casual. A single quotation from Mr. Warner's article in the *North American Review* on the Elmira institution is nineteen pages long. We look for criticism and behold quotations, where we are most directly concerned with Mr. Warner's literary work. Indeed, Mrs. Fields seems frankly to confess her lack of critical efficiency when, in her closing pages, she takes over bodily an Easy Chair paper written by Mr. Howells at the time of Mr. Warner's death. She could not have availed herself of a more just discrimination.

Under the title, 'Teutonic Legends in the Nibelungen Lied and the Nibelungen Ring' (Philadelphia: Lippincott), Prof. W. C. Sawyer of the University of the Pacific has brought together a somewhat motley array of matter pertaining to the saga in question: an essay by Prof. Fritz Schultze of Dresden on some legendary elements in German literature; a translation of Dr. Wägner's prose version of the Nibelungenlied; a synopsis of Richard Wagner's Nibelungen Tetralogy, and, finally, an outline of the Volsunga Saga. While none of these constituent parts of the book contains anything of particular merit or of such a nature as to attract scholars, they combine to make a rather convenient volume for readers who wish to have a general idea of the principal forms which the Nibelungen legend has assumed from the oldest Germanic times to our own day.

It is a curious fact that, while the Welsh and Irish remember their ancient legends and associate them with the landscape, the English or American tourist in England cares mainly for the modern literary associations. It is not the memories or the traces of the Roman occupation that lend a romantic interest to the neighborhood of Rottingdean or Burwash, but the fact that Mr. Kipling till lately lived in one of those villages, and now lives in the other. That is why one meets so many bicycles making the pilgrimage from Brighton. One visits Rye, not because the Danes used to land there in the ninth century, but because it was there that Mr. Henry James wrote 'The Awkward Age.' In his guidebook to 'The Ingoldsby Country' (London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan), Mr. C. G. Harper makes the needful concession to this passion for the modern, and sets out to identify the villages, churches, and manors in Kent that were in any way connected with the "Ingoldsby Legends" or their author. But, though he covers the ground conscientiously, his heart is not so much with the Rev. Richard Barham and his haunts as with Thomas à Becket and the drama that ended with his murder in Canterbury Cathedral at the hands of Fitzurse, one of Barham's ancestors. Canterbury is, of course, the capital of the Ingoldsby country, which runs along the whole north coast of Kent, Barham's county. Mr. Harper's book is the best guide to Kent as a whole that we have seen, and his illustrations are excellent. To read this attractive volume is to acquire a great deal of English history unawares. It is to be hoped, moreover, that it will revive for many readers an interest in the famous "Legends"; they are neglected in these days partly because the fashion in humor has changed, partly because they were meant as a protest, now almost equally out of date, against the Ritualistic innovations of the Oxford school. We are more tolerant now of all forms of superstition, but it may be noted that the Roman Church, more consistent, or with a longer memory, still includes the "Ingoldsby Legends" in her Index Expurgatorius.

'Birds of California,' by Irene Grosvenor Wheelock (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), is largely a compilation, but a reasonably successful one. The author is heavily indebted to the pioneer manual, 'Handbook of the Birds of the Western United States,' by Florence Merriam Bailey, and to scattered publications by well-known California ornithologists. The illustrations are numerous, though crude, and the text holds the reader's attention, but narrowly misses the commonplace. The book is not wholly free from minor errors in fact. For instance, the author speaks of a bittern, one of the slow-flying birds, as flying swiftly; she calls the flesh of the coot tough and rank; and she appears to confound the bobolink with the sora rail when she says that the bobolink is shot as game under the name of ortolan. She also credits the cuckoo with clipping the hairs from caterpillars on which it feeds, though in reality the hairs are found as a matted lining to the bird's stomach. Such slips incline the ornithologist to somewhat careful scrutiny, but the book will doubtless have considerable influence in popularizing Western ornithology.

'With the Birds in Maine' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the latest work of Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. It will entertain people who know little or nothing about birds, and will interest ornithologists who wish to learn of the author's Maine experiences. The songs and the love-making of birds are the principal themes. Here and there Mrs. Miller, like many other successful writers of nature studies, pushes the pen with more profit to herself than to the reader, but the latter part of the book is above such reproach, and the chapters on the chebec and early morning studies show her at her best.

The patriotic spirit awakened in American school children by the observance of national days has led a meeting of schoolteachers in London to advocate the establishment of an "Empire Day" for the purpose of bringing about a closer union between the mother country and its colonies. Its observance will consist of special public exercises in Imperial history, literature, and geography. To further this movement it was urged that the British schools should send to the native schools in Asia and Africa parcels containing compositions, photographs, curiosities, pressed flowers, etc. This suggestion was strongly supported by Dr. William Garnett of the Technical Education Board.

A "revolt against American cotton," according to Consul-General Mason of Berlin, in the Consular Reports for March, is foremost among the economic movements in Europe at the present time. It is shown in the simultaneous effort of Great Britain, France, and Germany to emancipate their textile industries from dependence upon it. In Germany the campaign is more vigorous than in the other countries, largely from the fact that her African colonies are economically disappointing. Among the practical measures proposed to secure a colonial cotton supply are the sending over a number of young Germans to be educated at agricultural schools and on plantations in

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Texas, under contract to spend a given number of years as superintendents of plantations in the colonies. A German-American from Texas has already been sent to East Africa to examine the cotton grown experimentally there, and to explore and estimate the area of land in the colony adapted to its cultivation. "Coolie labor from China will be employed in case the native tribes prove too incompetent." Other subjects treated are the German beet sugar industry, the new patent law of Mexico, and alcoholism in France, to the alarming increase of which the French press has been calling attention. There is one saloon to every eighty-three inhabitants, and the annual consumption per capita is 4.81 gallons, as against 1.37 in the United States, and .51 in Canada.

An interesting literary find was recently made in the Royal Library of Munich, where five leaves of an original thirty-six line Gutenberg Bible were found pasted fast to the backs of five different volumes. Two of these leaves, both of which originally came from the Munich Jesuit College, evidently belonged to the same copy of the Bible, containing the thirty-second, thirty-third, thirty-sixth, and thirty-seventh chapters of Isaiah. A third sheet, containing Jeremiah, 7 to 9, manifestly from the same copy, came originally from the Fürstenfeld cloister. The other two sheets are of unknown origin, one containing a part of Hebrews, the other fifteen lines from Ezra.

The committee having in charge the preparations for the eighth International Geographical Congress has sent out a preliminary programme. The Congress is to be held in September of the present year. The general session will convene in the beginning of the month in Washington, and there will be group meetings in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Chicago, to be followed by final session in conjunction with the World's Congress for the Sciences and Arts in St. Louis. Excursions from St. Louis to Mexico, to points of geographical importance in the West, and to Canada, are also part of the programme.

Dr. August Wolkenhauer, assistant in the Geographical Institute of Göttingen, has prepared for publication the most important German travelling charts from 1478 to 1573, and these will soon make their appearance. The Academy of Sciences in that city furnishes the funds for the publication of this unique collection of new material.

A Roentgen Congress is to meet in Berlin in the Easter week of 1905, the occasion being the tenth anniversary of the discovery of the Roentgen rays. The congress will have as its chairman Professor von Bergmann, of the University of Berlin.

—The Laureate's recent lament as to the repugnance of his countrymen towards the higher forms of poetry in general, and Shakspere in particular, is hardly borne out by the account of play-going in London which John Corbin contributes to the April *Scribner's*. Shakspere has never failed to appeal to the heart of the nation, Mr. Corbin holds, when his plays have been adequately presented; but the actor-managers, "treading perilously between the devil of the luxurious and the deep sea of the poor," rarely give him a fitting presentation. Mr. Corbin is quite hopeful of the results which might follow the establishment of a theatre with sufficient subvention, preferably from private beneficence, to keep the best English plays constantly alive on the boards. Montgomery Schuyler writes in a very commendatory way, on the whole, of the architecture of the St. Louis Exposition. The emphasis put upon the mere determination to surpass all previous efforts comes in for a word of well-deserved criticism. "The superlative degree has seldom been so systematically worked. Every structure is the biggest or the longest or the widest or the tallest ever devoted to a like purpose in the world." The architectural scheme as a whole he regards as noble and impressive, and happy in its adjustment to the one prominent natural feature of the grounds, the ridge skirting the south and east. The idea of this adjustment, however, came too late to be perfect in its execution. Mr. Schuyler's paper is accompanied by six full-page illustrations from drawings by Jules Guérin. Mrs. George Bancroft's letters end with this issue. Her comments on the progress of the Revolution of 1848 furnish their most salient feature. While warmly sympathetic with the revolutionists on the Continent, she yet admired the loyalty of the English to their traditional institutions. Disraeli's opinion, expressed to her personally in conversation, that the renovation of European society on liberal principles was impossible, and that the revolutionary movement meant the dissolution of European civilization, she regarded as "a godless, atheistic and un-Christian doctrine," which he himself could not really believe.

—If a fallacious belief could not outlive successful refutation on the field of logic, the propaganda of Mrs. Eddy would certainly fall before the assault of John W. Churchman in the April *Atlantic*. Mr. Churchman proves at considerable length that Christian Science ignores the canons of history, is false in its philosophy, is a travesty on science, and fundamentally at variance with Christianity. It is safe to say that his argument will meet with ready acceptance at the hands of those who approach such questions from the logical point of view; and it is just as safe to prophesy that the Christian Scientists themselves will have even less trouble in believing his refutation out of existence in their particular sphere than they find in disposing of sin and disease. Col. Higginson's paper this month is devoted to a comparison of the aristocracy of birth with the new aristocracy of the dollar, with results favorable to the coin. The new distinction is based generally on present achievement, not on some accident of the past; it is easier to get into and easier to fall out of, and may pass in the end from an aristocracy of the millionaires to an aristocracy of the millions. Nor does it, he holds, tend to obscure merit apart from money. The apparent worship of the dollar is but the foam on the advancing wave of civilization; a brilliant oration, or a clever magazine article, may in a day bring to some poor young man or woman more real fame than the acquisition of a million can confer. Henry D. Sedgwick considers the effects of our strenuous devotion to material advancement from another, and extremely suggestive, point of view in an article on "The New American Type," based upon the recent exhibition of portraits in the American Art galleries. The physical stability with its consequent mental calm, the peace of body and of mind shown in the portraits of the age of Reynolds, have given way to the shrewd, quick, nervous type illustrated by Zorn's Daniel Lamont, and, in the extreme, by M. Besnard's Senator W. A. Clark—faces showing equipment for dealing vigorously with the immediate present, but no trace of the imagination, logic, intellect, and faith required in the treatment of the remote; "the type of the McKinley era." Theodore T. Munger contributes an extremely interesting and discriminating paper on 'The Scarlet Letter.'

—Louise Morgan Sill furnishes the April *Harper's* with an account of a Buffalo-Duluth voyage on our "Inland Seas." Perhaps one ought not to begrudge her the luxuries of the best inland boats that float, but any one well acquainted with the lakes must concede that a line which condescends to touch but four or five points from Buffalo to the head of Lake Superior, misses many of the most interesting features of the lake region. We do not know who is at fault that President Thwing's papers on "European Universities" are cramped within such narrow limits—just three pages of text for the University of Upsala, with half a dozen illustrations. It is a shame that a really good subject, with a good writer, should be so sacrificed. The desire to present some tidbit for everybody in the menu of a single magazine may possibly be in some danger of resulting in an insufficiency of solid nutriment for anybody. The Easy Chair's delightful reflections on a new version of Luigi Cornaro's treatise on the art of temperate living offer an interesting contrast, in point of view and method, to the recent series of articles in the *Popular Science Monthly*, in which a medical writer gives scientific counsel for maintaining life and strength beyond the usual limit. Mr. Howells is willing to follow the philosophy of Horace—drop out of the game soon enough to avoid becoming a nuisance to those who follow after. Even when Cornaro was congratulating himself upon the sage advice which a century of experience enabled him to give to the Venetians, his competition was probably hindering from a career of usefulness younger men who had their own right to be heard. The reasoning sounds good, but his readers will doubtless excuse Mr. Howells from applying it to himself, however long his own temperate life may leave the Easy Chair at his disposal.

—'The Political Theories of the Ancient World,' by Westel Woodbury Willoughby (Longmans, Green & Co.), is, as the author explains, "the first of a number of volumes" which he hopes in time to publish, "covering the entire history of political philosophy." In Mr. Willoughby's previous publications (his 'Social Justice,' published in 1900, was noticed in these columns) he has outlined his general political theory, and it would be unfair to attempt to criticise this volume except as an introduction to what the author will, if good fortune attend him, make a final work. In criticising 'Social Justice' we interpreted the fundamental theory of Mr. Willoughby to be that of a believer in a sort of a divine right of rulers. This implies paternalism, and in the end leads us to the doctrine of the white

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or the Teutonic or the Caucasian Man's Burden, but must not be confounded, apparently, with the divine right of kings, which Mr. Willoughby disavows. In his present preface he refers to the necessity of some underlying philosophy of government in such work as he has undertaken, but the volume itself is devoted to history and analysis. It is divided into two parts, the first relating to Oriental and Greek, the second to Roman, political theories. The author's learning and reading are very wide, and his method painstaking. Of course he goes over ground traversed at all points by many other writers, but as an analytic compendium the work stands by itself and will be found useful. The author suggests that Professor Dunning's 'History of Political Theories,' which appeared when the present volume was still in manuscript, is different in scope, though it covers the same period. Sir Frederick Pollock's 'Introduction to the History of the Science of Politics,' as Mr. Willoughby says, covers the whole history of political philosophy. He notices the fact that there is very little to be met with in English in this field of research. To explain the reason might furnish the subject for a separate essay.

—Mr. Henry Vignaud is continuing his preparation for his long-announced work on the precursors of Columbus by extending his researches into the details of the discoverer's personal career. His second publication in this field is 'A Critical Study of the Various Dates Assigned to the Birth of Christopher Columbus: The Real Date 1451' (London: Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles). This volume is made up of an elaborate summary of the various statements which have been used as bases for the manifold attempts to guess at the exact age of Columbus when he made his most important voyage, of a destructive analysis of the arguments which seem to favor any other date than 1451, and a presentation of the fact which convinces Mr. Vignaud that he is championing the only possible date for Columbus's birth. The opinion most generally current among students is admirably stated by Mr. Vignaud in his next to the last paragraph: "Only two dates can stand against discussion (1446-'47 and 1451). Objections may be made against either, but fewer can be urged against 1451 than against 1446-'47." With this statement probably all who have carefully examined the evidence without preconceptions would agree. Unluckily, Mr. Vignaud, having made his point, goes on to affirm that "if logic has not lost all its rights, the fact that Columbus was born in 1451 is as solidly established as many other events which have become historical, and which no one has ever been bold enough to question." It may be that these other events are merely awaiting some one of Mr. Vignaud's boldness to shatter all their foundations.

—As in his Toscanelli volume, Mr. Vignaud claims too much, and proves his claim too conclusively. He shows so successfully that each statement pointing toward any other date is capable of being variously interpreted, that the reader's mind revolts when he demands that no possible alternative shall be admitted against his translation of a single statement in three words: "major annis decemnovem." If this means that Columbus was nineteen years of age when these words were written, on October 31, 1470, as they very likely do; and if Mr. Vignaud knows all that might be known about legal terminology and the everyday practice of Genoese scriveners in 1470, then Columbus was certainly born in 1451. Mr. Vignaud's researches in legal lore are sufficient to enable him to show that if the statement had read "major annis XVI.," or "XVII.," or "XXV.," no deductions whatsoever could have been drawn regarding the precise age of the person so referred to in a legal document. It may nevertheless be true that, as he has been able to find nothing to prove the contrary, nineteen actually meant nineteen to Genoese lawyers in 1470. As a destructive critic Mr. Vignaud has few superiors, even in the art of self-destruction.

CABINET GOVERNMENT.

Parliamentary England: The Evolution of the Cabinet System. By Edward Jenks. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

What are the advantages and what are the faults of cabinet government? This is the question forced upon the readers of Mr. Jenks's bright and suggestive 'Parliamentary England.' It is an inquiry to which we propose to give an answer.

Some forty years have passed since Bagehot for the first time brought into view the chief excellence of the cabinet system, which lies in the fact, before his time constantly overlooked, that an English cabinet links together the Executive and the Legislature. It prevents, on the one hand, the occurrence of that discord between the executive and the legislative power which has more than once in our own country weakened the hands of the Federal Government, and has in France been on several occasions the cause of, or the excuse for, a revolutionary crisis. It prevents, on the other hand, the direct participation of the legislative body in the functions of government, and thus averts that form of parliamentary tyranny which, in the seventeenth century, exposed the Long Parliament, till dissolved by Cromwell, to the hatred of the English people; and in the eighteenth century rendered the celebrated Convention detestable to the whole civilized world. The one defect of Bagehot's doctrine is that it is stated in rather too limited a form. The advantage on which he insists is not peculiar to cabinet government; it belongs to every kind of parliamentary executive. The Council which forms the executive of the Swiss Republic is elected for a definite period by the Federal Legislature; it is unlike an English ministry, but it certainly secures the existence of permanent harmony between the executive and the legislative power.

Another merit of the cabinet system, which is also brought into view by Bagehot, is the power of the executive to dissolve the Parliament by which it has been created. This power of dissolution ensures in the long run harmony between the executive, the Legislature, and the nation. No doubt a ministry may keep in power for a short time although, if the opinion of the country could be immediately taken, it would be ejected from office. But, as members of Parliament grow every year more and more sensitive to the opinion of the electors, it is in the highest degree improbable that a ministry could for many years continue in existence if it had ceased to command the support of the majority of the electorate.

An English cabinet has two additional merits upon which Bagehot does not lay any great stress. English ministers are appointed to office, not by election, but by selection. Hence, the risk is avoided, which (to judge by the experience of France and of the United States) is a serious one, that men should be elected to the highest offices in the country not because of special fitness, but because of their not having incurred any special unpopularity. Insignificant mediocrity arouses far less opposition than admitted eminence. Hence, where appointment to office is the result of election, it happens more often than not that the man who is elected as, *e. g.*, President, owes his appointment not to the number of his friends and admirers, but to the fewness of his foes or detractors. No man who studies the modern history of England can doubt that selection has in this case worked better than election. Many dullards and some fools have been cabinet ministers, but, on the whole, the men who have sat in cabinet have usually been some of the ablest party leaders in Parliament. The men who have been prime ministers have usually been statesmen of considerable talent and of strong character. Grey, Melbourne, Peel, Russell, Derby, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Salisbury could not by any sane critic be called politicians of inferior ability. To put the matter broadly, the prizes of parliamentary conflicts have in England fallen to the ablest parliamentary leaders.

The cabinet government, lastly, has been found compatible with the maintenance of an able and independent civil service. This is a point which has to a curious extent escaped attention. A good deal of senseless wonder and of sterile satire has been excited by the circumstance, which is past denial, that the parliamentary heads of the governmental departments have not, as a rule, been experts acquainted with the business which is nominally given into their charge.

"I stuck to my desk, and I never went to sea,
So they made me commander of the Queen's Navee,"

are lines which have remained impressed upon the popular memory because they sum up in ridiculous doggerel the actual and apparently grotesque practice of placing at the head of offices where special knowledge is required, politicians who do not pretend to possess this knowledge, or, indeed, to be anything more than Parliamentary leaders endowed with industry and with common sense. The reason why a scheme of selection which appears on the face of it ridiculous answers its ends better than any one would expect, is that a permanent body of trained civil servants supplies the technical knowledge which rarely falls to the lot of parliamentary secretaries or under-secretaries. It is to the high character and the independent position of English civil servants that cabinet government owes half its success.

The defects of cabinet government, though hardly noticed even by so acute a constitutionalist as Bagehot, have become by this time patent. The way in which the cabinet links together the Executive and the Legislature when combined, as it is at the present day, with the dependence of Members of Parliament upon the will

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of the electors, makes an English ministry far too sensitive, not to the permanent opinion of the country, but to the transitory sentiments of the electors. An American President, if he is a man endowed at once with boldness and sagacity, may, if he chooses, defy in his executive capacity the sentiment of the moment even though it is reflected in the votes of Congress. Such a course is hardly open to an English premier. He knows that a vote of the House of Commons may at any moment turn him out of office. He learns that his supporters fear that, if a particular step is taken, they will lose their seats at the next election, and he learns that the bye-elections are going against his Government. Our premier may be a person of really high principle—he is quite willing to resign office; but he is not willing to see a policy reversed which he believes to be essential to the prosperity of the country. How can one expect a prime minister under such circumstances to defy popular feeling for the benefit of the nation with the boldness displayed at one or two crises by President Lincoln? It is not in human nature that a man should sacrifice objects of the highest importance when he thinks he can attain them by means of a little truckling on minor topics to popular sentiment or popular folly—by consenting, for instance, to repeal a Vaccination law which, though it protects the country from smallpox, is hateful to a body of energetic faddists, or by saving from the gallows some murderer whose execution might shock the prejudices of an influential class. We may well doubt whether, if some new Dr. Dodd committed a capital crime, an English premier of the twentieth century would venture to hang a clergyman in face of petitions for the villain's life presented by the whole body of Anglican clergy.

Cabinet government, again, as it exists in England, is and must be party government; and the final judgment to be pronounced on the cabinet system will be found to depend on the critic's view, not of political partisanship, which must exist in every free state, but of that artificial and complicated political phenomenon which, under the name of party government, has existed in England for certainly not much more than two centuries. Of the characteristics of this system it is impossible to say anything at the end of an article dealing with another topic; it is well, however, to insist upon the consideration that cabinet government of the English type is bound up with the English party system.

A last quality, which one hardly knows whether to call a defect or a merit of cabinet government, is the extraordinary flexibility of this part of the English Constitution. This is a feature of English Constitutionalism which Mr. Jenks brings well into view. One of the reasons why men well versed both in the law and in the conventions of the Constitution have found an extraordinary difficulty in describing the nature of an English cabinet, is, that cabinet government changes its features from generation to generation—one might almost say from year to year. It was one thing under William the Third; it was another thing under the first two Georges; it underwent a change in the early part of the reign of George III., and assumed a different aspect when, in later years, the second Pitt commanded both the support of the Crown and the support of the nation. The cabinets of Peel again, or of Lord John Russell, differed much in character from the cabinets formed by Mr. Disraeli or Lord Salisbury. At this very moment the relations between Mr. Balfour and the other members of his present cabinet, and between the Cabinet itself and the eminent Unionists who have left it, is full of perplexity and ambiguity; and, behind all the differences which may arise from the character and position of different statesmen, there lies at any rate the possibility—some would say the probability—of a fundamental revolution in the relation of the electors to the ministry. It is, at least, conceivable that at each general election the electors may, as a rule, so clearly express their will that a given statesman shall be premier as to make the English prime minister be, in fact though not in form, as truly an elected head of the State as is the American President. But we here trespass upon the field, not of history, but of speculation, and can with certainty reach nothing but the conclusion that no part of the English Constitution lends itself so easily to fundamental change as does the system of cabinet government.

THE INDUSTRIAL SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Engineer in South Africa: A Review of the Industrial Situation in South Africa after the War, and a Forecast of the Possibilities of the Country. By Stafford Ransome. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

The title of Mr. Ransome's book expresses accurately its contents. The author is a man well known as a mechanical engineer, who has acted as correspondent in many lands for technical and non-technical journals, and who therefore can discuss with the skill of a trained writer the engineering subjects he undertakes to elucidate. That he is a mechanical, and not a metallurgical, engineer is conspicuously evident from the familiar way in which he treats subjects allied to mechanics, and the elementary and diffident manner in which he approaches metallurgical processes and problems. To the lay reader this may be an advantage, for the chapters which he devotes to the treatment of the Kimberley diamond fields and the Transvaal gold mines are sufficiently simple and explicit to be understood by the most unlearned in the mysteries of mining and metallurgy.

Mr. Ransome visited South Africa in 1902 as special correspondent of the *Engineer* (which vies with *Engineering* as the most influential organ of that profession in Great Britain), and the book is an amplified edition of his letters to that periodical. It therefore confines itself to subjects of interest to the engineering and allied trades. But, as South Africa is as dependent for its development on the services of the engineer as is our own West; as even its agricultural resources can be utilized, to any notable extent, only by the aid of artificial irrigation; and as the political conditions are indissolubly associated with the industrial outlook, the scope of the book and its general interest are wider than its technical origin. The author deals with South Africa as no longer a congeries of antagonistic political states, but as an industrial unit, in which the Cape Colony is probably a more serious discordant element than even the extinct Orange Free State and the Transvaal. He describes the harbors of Cape Colony, Natal, and the Portuguese Possessions, and their relations to existing and projected railways. He points out that intercolonial free trade, the total abolition of transit duties, and sweeping reductions in railway charges are now being brought into play, as one of the results of the war. This abolition of artificial barriers must change the old current of commerce, while at the same time cheapening the cost of production and lowering the rates of wages, which are now high because of the extravagant cost of living.

Throughout we are struck by the similarity of conditions in South Africa to those prevailing in sections of our own land, and are reminded actively of the problems which faced us in the Reconstruction period. But while there are striking points of resemblance, there are as striking phases of difference. Over our arid regions there was scattered in small groups a scanty population of red men; this vast tract in Southern Africa, of nearly 2,000 miles from South to North, is inhabited by a comparatively prolific and populous negro race, estimated at five millions, which resisted the advance of civilization as obstinately as our own Indians. One Kaffir war succeeded another; the Zulu war, in which was obliterated a British force at Islandula and occurred the tragic death of the Prince Imperial, the grand-nephew of the great Napoleon, fighting under the British flag; the more recent campaign against Lobengula in Rhodesia, and the existing revolt of the natives in South West Africa against the Germans, are the deplorable, though perhaps the inevitable, forerunners of our selfish civilization, with its iron roads, steel guns, and inexorable commercial requirements. If these be the forerunners, one of the consequences is an urgent demand for labor to work the mines and cultivate the land as it shall be reclaimed from the desert in large tracts by artificial irrigation. The scarcity of labor and the sources from which to draw the necessary supply has become the burning question in the recently conquered territory.

The diamond mines of Kimberley do not seem to feel the scarcity as acutely as the gold mines of the Rand. This may be due, strange to say, to the system which has been forced on the diamond miner of impounding the negro labor. It savors of slavery, yet is apparently popular with the natives. Diamond robbery is of course a profession; but, to minimize the losses, a negro who engages for a given period as a laborer in the diamond mines resigns all liberty of action and is shut up in an enclosure which contains all the elements of a well-provided and well-regulated town. But at the gold mines of the Rand no such precautions are necessary and no such provision is made, and the negro, with his natural improvidence, leaves his work to spend his savings, however small. The high prices paid him by the Commissariat Department during the war, and the generally demoralizing effect of the struggle on his excitable temperament, have combined to discourage him from engaging in steady work at the old standard of wages; and therefore the famous Rand mines, through whose vigor-

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ous development the magical revival of prosperity in South Africa was expected to be effected, are not worked up to their capacity, and are not producing within 20 per cent. of their output before the war. Still, despite this drawback, rapid increase of production is being made, for the value of the gold turned out from 6,000,000 tons of ore in 1903 was $62,500,000, as against only $35,000,000 from 3,400,000 tons of ore in 1902. When it is borne in mind that to produce the 18,000,000 tons of pig iron made by us in 1903 there was mined only five times as much ore as the Rand mines turned out, and that the value of the gold bore about the same proportion to the value of the finished product of our steel works, viz., as $60,000,000 is to $300,000,000, we can appreciate the vast importance of that industry to South Africa. And as the mines already opened are capable of greater development, and the gold-bearing rocks are being traced far beyond the limits formerly assigned to them, if progress is to be made, labor in far greater quantities than is or will be available from native sources must be secured. It is estimated that 250,000 low-wage laborers are required now, and that within five years more than twice that number will be called for. The negro, if willing to work, could not supply the demand. Unless the cost of living is sufficiently reduced to allow white wages to fall far below the present standard, the whites can be used only as foremen or skilled workers, or in the proportion of one white man to five laborers; and therefore the only alternative, in the opinion of the majority of the employers, is the introduction of Chinese labor under restrictions. This, as our readers know, has been decided on. The hope entertained is, that ultimately the agricultural possibilities of the country will be realized, and that then the cost of food and clothing will fall, and, the climate not being insalubrious, South Africa will become the home of a large and prosperous English-speaking population; for Oriental contract labor, no matter how well treated and under what restrictions introduced, engenders antagonism in the free white man, and is an incongruous element in our modern industrial system.

Of more interest than even the story of the gold mines is that of the Kimberley diamond fields, which our author tells with clearness and detail. As South Africa has already unearthed 68,000,000 carats of the 83,000,000 of carats which are estimated to have entered the market of the world from earliest times, her diamond mines have acutely influenced the price of that gem; but not to the extent that would have taken place had Cecil Rhoades not intervened to restrict production, by the organization of the De Beers Consolidated Mines Limited, and had not the marvellous growth of wealth and taste for the diamond as the expression of wealth, in this country, made for it a market which it seems almost impossible to glut. Fortunately, the rich, who buy the diamonds, are not the only class of our people who take an interest in the South African diamond fields. Our skilled artisans, as diamond cutters, are rapidly withdrawing that profitable industry from Amsterdam and London, and a modification of the rose brilliant form with twenty facets has even been patented here under the designation of the "Twentieth Century."

Besides gold and diamonds, South Africa has abundance of good coal, which has made it possible to construct across her deserts, in advance of white immigration, more miles of railroad, that infallible harbinger of progress and prosperity, per head of population than even we have built in our own West. South Africa, in fact, surprises us with startling statistical contrasts. The area of the British possessions is 856,000 square miles; the white population is only 898,000, or a little more than one white man to the square mile. And yet the railroad mileage is about 6,000, or one mile of railroad to every 148 white inhabitants, and the exports amount to the large sum of $170 per head of population. As mines and railroads are operated only by machinery, of this our shops should furnish their full share—the more so as our own schools, mines, and mills have sent to South Africa many of the men who have been foremost in developing its mineral resources.

The History of American Music. By Louis C. Elson. Macmillan Co.

Boston has so long been in the habit of considering itself the centre of music in America that on taking up a history of music in this country by a Bostonian one expects, as a matter of course, to find his city treated as the hub, and New York and other towns as mere spokes radiating from it. Mr. Elson, however, is not guilty of such bias. Throughout his book he endeavors to preserve the proper perspective; in his last chapter ("Qualities and Defects of American Music") he thus sums up his tale of two cities:

"Boston has been chronologically the first in the field of oratorio and orchestra, and may still be considered the centre of these schools of music in America. But the city is provincial in the matter of grand opera, and has but little public taste in organ music. In piano recital and chamber music New York and Boston are about equals."

It was in New England that music first assumed a non-European hue. The Englishmen of Virginia had sung their imported songs unchanged, but the less artistic music that was developed in Puritan Boston soon lost some of its foreign qualities and became indigenous to the soil. On this topic of the religious beginnings of American music Mr. Elson has a long chapter (with numerous facsimiles), which is surpassed in interest only by his chapter on Indian and folk music. He notes that some of the Indian tribes were quite unmusical, and while others had many kinds of song, "they resemble each other so greatly in most instances (in musical content) that the mine of folk-music in this direction is far more restricted than the large repertoire would seem to indicate." He concludes that Indian music is not folk-song in the true sense, being too local and too little understood for that, and that it is not a substantial foundation for the native composer to use in classical work. He admits that MacDowell's "Indian Suite" is both important and beautiful, but holds that the actual Indian themes on which it is built do not, of themselves, suggest anything national, and that the composer might have evolved a hundred equally effective original figures, had he wished to. In the plantation music of the South Mr. Elson has more faith as a mine for composers. To the charge that the negro music of the South is African, he replies that it is distinctly a result of American surroundings —of plantation life and camp-meetings, with their improvisational style, strong rhythms, and feverish ecstasy. "Here, then, is the true folk-song of the United States, if it possesses any at all." Stephen Foster, America's chief folk-song composer, attended many negro camp-meetings. After him the spirit of plantation music was utilized in symphonic works by Chadwick and Dvorák.

In his chapter on Instrumental Music and American Orchestras, the author calls attention to the fact that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries instrumental music was by no means so common as vocal music, and was heard much oftener in Baltimore, New Orleans, Philadelphia, and New York than anywhere in New England, where there was still a prejudice against it, as being frivolous and allied to immorality. There were no music stores before the nineteenth century. Mr. Elson cites testimony to the effect that in 1828 there was only one oboeist in America, that New York did not possess one till 1839, and that the English horn was a novelty in 1843. But these things would have seemed less strange had he cited an article, written in 1837, in which Berlioz complained that even in Paris there was at that date no bass trombone or contrafagotto. The first use of the conductor's bâton in the United States appears to have been in 1843, and up to 1860 there was more of ambition than of true achievement in the orchestral work of the country. Tributes are paid to Theodore Thomas, "who has done more to raise the standard of music in America than any other man"; to Anton Seidl, who did for the opera what Thomas had done for the concert hall, while at the same time bringing the New York Philharmonic Society to its highest point of efficiency and prosperity; and to the many other men prominent in the annals of music.

It will be observed from the foregoing remarks that the scope of Mr. Elson's book is broader than its title indicates, for it deals with music in America as well as with American music. This enabled him to make a much more interesting book than if he had confined himself solely to the composers and their works. His method of disposing of these composers is ingenious. Chapter eight is devoted to five "American Tone Masters"—Paine, Chadwick, MacDowell, Horatio Parker, and Arthur Foote. This is followed by chapters respectively on the men who have most distinguished themselves in orchestral, operatic, song, and pianoforte composition. The plan has only this disadvantage, that a reader who opens the book for facts regarding the greatest of American song writers will not find him even mentioned in the chapter on "American Song Composers." However, the index will refer him to the place where MacDowell is discussed from all points of view.

American Women in Music have a chapter to themselves, and the author gallantly gives more than seven pages to Mrs. Beach, who, he thinks, can compare favorably with any woman who has yet entered creative musical art. Allowing for local and national patriotism, there is no harm in thus blowing our own horn. Mr. Elson is habitually inclined to optimism, but he is right

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in claiming preëminence for this country in the making of pianos. He also asserts that our public schools give more attention to music than similar institutions in any other country in the world. He makes the sensible suggestion that instead of devoting all the time to concerted singing, the schools should teach the general appreciation of music; the chief desideratum in this country being intelligent audiences of music-lovers. In reference to American musical criticism and authorship, to which a chapter is devoted, Mr. Elson expresses his satisfaction because the sentimentalists have never been in the foreground. He laments the excess of piano playing, and warns against characteristic faults—haste and love of bigness. "If only there were less of striving to create symphonies that no one wishes to play or hear, of operas that show straining and labor in every part, and more of genuine unforced music in the smaller forms! The chief trouble with most of the American composers is an ambition that o'erleaps itself."

However, when all is said and done, he is right in declaring, in his final paragraph, that "much more has been done than the world at large is aware of." His book will be most useful in calling attention to neglected treasures, and in giving a bird's-eye view of a field which is really more interesting than one might think. The author's lucid style and thorough knowledge of his subject count for much, and the publishers have brought out the volume in an *édition de luxe*, specially suited for gifts. There are 25 full-page photogravures, and 102 illustrations in the text.

Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley. With the original narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membré, Hennepin, and Anastase Douay. By John Gilmary Shea. Second edition, with a facsimile of the newly discovered map of Marquette, of Marquette's letter, and a steel portrait of La Salle. Albany: Joseph McDonough, 1903. Pp. lxxx., 268.

This small quarto (7x9), the maiden effort of Shea, first in a line of more than fifty publications, if we include his Cramoisy series, was born in 1852, served its generation, and was "quietly inurned." Why does it revisit the glimpses of the moon? The truth is, it was Shea's best production; it has become rare; as a source-book and otherwise it retains a value all its own. Its real theme is the cycle of Marquette and La Salle, with the original narratives describing the primal voyages of both upon our greatest river. Three writers who furnish collateral evidence will be vainly sought among the more than three-score and ten tomes of the "Jesuit Relations." Many who cannot consult that thesaurus would gladly learn the mutual relations of the grand explorers through a non-partisan presentment, and that compacted into a single volume. It has been too much forgotten that each of these pioneers was viewed with distorted eyes by his contemporaries, and most of all, by Catholic coreligionists. In our decade it is stoutly maintained that Marquette, the chaplain, now stands in the Washington Rotunda where his chief, Joliet, ought to stand; but in their own day no question as to their comparative merit had arisen. While both were equally praised—by their own party, clerical or political—both were depreciated or set at naught altogether by admirers of La Salle as the preëminent pathfinder. The end and aim of Shea was to secure authentic copies of documents relating to the grand voyage of both pioneers, to translate them so far as he found them only in French, annotate and lay them before his readers. He would thus help them to make up their own minds as jurors or judges. The relations of Radisson and De Soto to the continental river were beyond his scope.

At the date of these primitive explorations New France was agitated by a total-abstinence crusade styled by Shea a "brandy war," in which abstainers and drinkers came to bristle up like cats and dogs against each other at sight. A point in dispute, to this day not fully settled, was whether to permit or to prohibit the sale of ardent spirits to Indians; the Bishop of Canada denounced this traffic, and the Jesuits, of whom Marquette was one, imposed and exacted the threatened penalties to the letter. The result was that total-abstinence Jesuits were largely displaced by secular authorities, especially in the sphere of La Salle, and their places filled by Franciscans, called Recollets, who were known to be more lenient to sellers of cognac among natives. Each order naturally became, in the eyes of the other, a Nazareth out of which no good could come.

Marquette's Mississippi voyage with Joliet was in 1673, and a copy of his Journal and Map, slightly mutilated, was printed in Paris in 1681. A corrected copy of the original French with an English translation; Marquette's last letter which he died before finishing, partly in facsimile; as well as the best life of the journalist ever written—Shea's own labor of love—first appeared in the present volume. Marquette's Jesuit narrative to average readers is a plain tale of truth and its own sufficient witness; but, however just a man first in his own cause seemeth, his neighbor cometh and searcheth him. Franciscans or other anti-Jesuits at once took the field, and many of their charges are printed by Shea in their own words. A typical specimen of their animus or animosity is afforded by Father Douay. This Franciscan had gone with La Salle on his last expedition, witnessed his murder, canoed up the famous and fatal river, and published statements (first printed in English by Shea, p. 80), like the following concerning the Journal of Marquette:

"I had brought with me the printed book of Joliet's pretended discovery, and I had remarked in all my route [up the Mississippi] that there was not a word of truth in it." . . . "It would be easy to show that it was printed only on false memoirs." . . . "It was only twenty or thirty leagues [instead of ten times as far] below the mouth of the Illinois River that Joliet descended in 1673." . . . "It was said [in the Journal] that he went as far as the Akansa, yet the Akansa assured us that they had never seen any Europeans before La Salle" (p. 227).

The Franciscan was not alone in holding that Joliet's party never went any distance below St. Louis. The present reviewer a generation ago was told by Henry Shaw, in St. Louis, maker of the grand garden, that he found such a tradition generally believed there, and not by fur traders only, with whom he had begun to deal in 1820. Shaw himself believed it, though it is unlikely that he had ever read Douay. Slanders die hard. Other Douays must have started the tradition before the first settlement of St. Louis, and the nucleus of the cycle war was a glass of whiskey.

The original text of Shea with every note is facsimiled in the reprint so far as types can consummate or compass the feat, being reverenced as no less sacrosanct than the McKinley tariff in the eyes of beet-sugar apostles. It recalls the watchword ascribed of old to British Tories: Touch not a cobweb of St. Paul's for fear you shake the dome. The obsolete notes are good milestones to mark how fast time moves on. Minneapolitans will not object to one concerning the Falls of St. Anthony: "They are no longer beyond the pale of civilization. There is now at the head of the cataract a village with schools and churches" (p. 116). Manifest mistakes, however, should have been corrected. Shea gloried in being first to show that Nicolet was on Mississippi waters as early as 1639. He would have welcomed Sulte's subsequent ingenious and conclusive proof that he was there five years earlier, in 1634; but his editor suffered 1639 to stand. Few books are so unfinished if not deformed through lack of an index. This work, demanding comparative study for appreciation, has special need of such an opener and intelligencer for dull workers.

Life and Teachings of Abbas Effendi: A Study of the Babis or Beha'is founded by the Persian Bab and by his successors, Beha Ullah and Abbas Effendi. By Myron H. Phelps, with an introduction by E. G. Browne, Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903. Pp. xivi., 260.

One of the most singular phenomena in the life of the present day is the grasping after new things on the part of the religious-minded. Any preacher or teacher, apparently, may secure a docile and appreciative following, provided he makes a large enough claim and speaks with a voice of sufficient authority. The craving is not essentially for knowledge and light; it is for guidance and assurance. Some slight admixture of philosophical ideas—or terminology—seems sometimes to assist, but the main thing, first and last, is the personality and claim of the new leader. Yet, in singular contradiction to this, is an equally plain attitude on the part of the Christian Church. It, always excepting the Roman communion, is gradually abandoning its supernatural sanctions, yielding its claim of a divine authority, and finding its end in an idea of philanthropy and a system of ethics. The eclipse of faith has become an eclipse of religion; the voice of a personal God calling man to intercourse with Himself is becoming the voice of men crying out for love, mercy, justice towards one another. All this is intelligible enough, in view of present drifts of thought. But the question cannot but rise whether this second phenomenon does not stand in a causal relation to the first; whether those who still retain the religious attitude and craving are not thus driven to satisfy themselves in these strange ways, and to follow religious authority wherever they can find it, and whatever it may be.

Mr. Phelps's present book is a curious instance to the point. Students of the

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Muhammadan East have watched the growth of Babism since the Comte de Gobineau first drew attention to the new movement in his 'Religions et Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale' in 1865. They have traced its development out of the Shaykhi sect of Shi'ism to its formal abandonment of Muhammadanism as all but a stage in revelation, much as Muhammadanism regards Judaism and Christianity as such stages antecedent to itself. They are familiar with its claim to be the last revelation and manifestation of God to men, and with the widening acceptance of that claim in Persia and even elsewhere in the Muhammadan world. But then, many prophets and systems such as this have come and gone before now, and left that world pretty much as it was. These, however, had not passed the limits of Islam. Now Babism breaks the barrier, ceases to be a mere Muhammadan sect, and enters upon a career as a world religion. So the little circle of Orientalists are suddenly surprised to find that a queer religious movement of the obscure East, supposedly known to themselves only, counts its thousands of followers in America—avid of new things, if not the mother of them—and that a member of the New York bar has written a book gravely urging the cause of this sect with his fellows, and finding in it the religion of the future for East and West alike, a veritable revelation and guidance for us all who now are wandering in darkness. So far, we may judge, has the failure of the Christian Church gone, and yet so great is the longing with some at least for a positive religion.

Such is the essential point of interest in Mr. Phelps's book—the light it throws upon an American condition; those who wish to study Babism will, of course, turn to the books upon it by Prof. E. G. Browne. Yet even here are some things not to be found elsewhere. First among them is an eighty-page sketch of the lives of the leaders of the Beha'i wing of Babism, dictated by the sister of Abbas Effendi, the present head. It is not a very pleasant story to read, because it suggests to the Orientalist wholesale suppressions and one-sidedness throughout; but to Mr. Phelps it seems to be a kind of gospel. Further, Mr. Phelps gives chapters on the philosophy, ethics, standards, etc., of Babism, drawn from conversations, through an interpreter, which he had with Abbas Effendi during a month's residence at Acre. These, in spite of their second-hand nature, are most carefully constructed, and are evidently trustworthy at every point. The proof of this Mr. Phelps may hardly care to hear, but it is that they reproduce from page to page the commonplaces of Muslim philosophy and mysticism. Here, then, is little or nothing new except the imposing personalities and devoted characters of the leaders. The system is simple Sufiism combined with the hierarchical and prophetic system of the Isma'ilians—which gave us the Fatimid dynasty, the Assassins, the Druses, and divers other things—and a dash of ideas derived from Christianity and strangely transmogrified. In the last, if anywhere, is the new element, and its startling results (unhinted at here) may be read by the curious in Mr. Browne's 'Year in Persia.' The same writer's introduction to the present book is a sane and illuminating estimate of the whole movement, giving weight where weight is due, and recognizing the common Oriental character of much which seemed to Mr. Phelps so wonderful and new.

The Fat of the Land: The Story of an American Farm. By John Williams Streeter. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

We take it to be a favorable symptom that (in the making of many books) architectural, horticultural, and even agricultural romances are now finding a place. House-building, every one knows, appeals to the imagination; children play at it before they can walk, and Spain is crowded with castles, although they may be "by hopeless fancy feigned" on lands that are for others. *Cras ædificabit qui nunquam ædificavit,* and few of those who have builded, even if they build no more, but dream of what might have been. This delightful compound of fact and fancy, this combination of the necessary and the luxurious, this satisfaction of both body and soul, has too long been left to be treated by prosaic architects. Love-making, labyrinthine as it is, has been, as Mr. Howells complains, thoroughly explored; the most desperate expedients are employed by authors in their vain attempts to make us think they are not telling the same old story. Moreover, love-making, granting it to be the end or final cause of existence, is not the whole of it; people live through it, and live after it for years, not having exhausted all capacity for romance. The spending of these years for those who have wealth and leisure has æsthetic possibilities that are fascinating, and workaday people can enjoy these possibilities in imagination if not in reality.

Of architectural and horticultural romances we need not here speak; but the agricultural romance is comparatively undeveloped. Essays on such themes as 'Ten Acres Enough,' or 'Three Acres and a Cow,' and how a poor man by assiduous companionship with pigs and geese and hens may keep body and soul together, exist in plenty; but the hard reality is too prominent for romance. It is well that there are many who can find poetry within these narrow limits; for whom small doses of nature are efficacious. But the book before us has nothing to do with sordid details; it is written for the country gentleman, or the gentleman farmer, and for those who like to read of the life led by these fortunate people. There are cows and hens and pigs, of course, but they are on the scale of Job's possessions. Single animals are not reckoned; they are turned off in hekatombs. Everything is on a grand scale. There is no lack of land, nor of capital, nor even of labor—although here lies the shadow on the picture. There is a happy family and an abundance of pleasant friends. The city is close at hand, available for recreation or for business, and affording an excellent market. The author, who is the protagonist in the tale, was country-bred. He worked as a day laborer when a lad, and was well prepared to direct laborers when ill health compelled him to give up his profession. He wasted no time. As soon as the sentence was pronounced, he set forth and bought his land. In a year or two he had practically effected his improvements, and after seven years his profits were handsome.

He assures us that he exaggerates nothing, and we see no reason to disbelieve him. Given a man who has always loved farming, who has sixty or a hundred thousand dollars that he can lose without serious embarrassment, and who has a head for business, and why should he not prosper? Millions of farmers who are both poor and incapable make a living; myriads if not millions more, having some money and wit, grow rich. The lesson of this book—for it is in a broad way a practical book—is that a rich man may live like a lord on his acres, and may at the same time make his acres support him. As Bagehot used to say, business is more amusing than pleasure, and to carry on a farm as one would carry on a factory is to combine poetry with profit. No occupation is more healthful; in no way can children be given a better start in life. Even without a love for nature and for outdoor life, a man might succeed at farming, just as a man might be a banker while hating the confinement of an office.

As to the actual practice of the art, it is not to be learned from this book. We see the general plan and hear the general results, but the thousand details which have to be considered in business are scarcely mentioned here. Nevertheless, the book is in the main so sensible, so clear, so businesslike, and even so impressive, as to make it not improbable that it will persuade some men of wealth whose time hangs heavy on their hands to turn their attention to agriculture.

The lamented author of 'David Harum' thought it necessary to encumber his capital horse stories with a wretched attempt at romance, and Dr. Streeter commits a like blunder in mingling some lovemaking with the care of pigs and poultry. It does not follow because all these things went on together on the same farm that they should all go into the same book. We should, perhaps, have been inclined to pardon this disregard of the unities had it not been for the introduction of an episode of painful brutality. Two college boys, possessing all perfections, assisted by their coachman, repel an attack made on the ladies of their party by nineteen drunken miners. In the struggle one of the latter is killed; but the college boys must needs at once celebrate their victory with a revel largely devoted to getting the coachman drunk—although his reformation had been the aim of prolonged efforts. Their conduct may have been natural enough, and their valor magnificent; but when gentlemen represented to be of the highest breeding are introduced, it is necessary to take some pains with their manners and with their hearts. The author would have done better had he confined himself to writing about his "factory-farm," and not ventured into a field where any lack of refinement of feeling is felt like a discord in music.

The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. By the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.' The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Few Americans ever visit Rügen, Germany's biggest island, which lies in the Baltic, off the coast of Pomerania. The birthplace of the poet-patriot Arndt is now the haunt of Germans who desire cheap hotels, bathing, and scenery over which they can ejaculate "Wunderschön!" It happened that, one hot day in July, Elizabeth, weary of watching her garden turn brown in the sun, conceived the happy thought of exploring Rügen—the "island of twists and

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curves and inland seas called Bodden; of lakes and woods, and frequent ferries, with lesser islands dotted about its coasts; with bays innumerable stretching their arms out into the water; and with one huge forest running nearly the whole length of the east coast, dipping down to the sea in places, and in others climbing up chalk cliffs to crown them with the peculiar splendor of its beeches." "The Man of Wrath" was left at home, distrustful as usual of such impulses, and Elizabeth set out to drive round Rügen in a victoria, in the society of her incomparable maid, Gertrud. She was ferried over, horses and all, to that delightful island, where the sky is a vivid blue, the shores a vivid green, and the sunlight bland. What Elizabeth really means by that unconventionality of hers of which she is always talking is merely that she prefers to be alone with the scenery. One of Rügen's attractions for her had been the entire improbability that she would meet any other person of her own class of society—the "Junker" class. The crowd of bathing guests of the lower middle classes she could avoid; but before her holiday was half over she encountered her own cousin Charlotte, who insisted on taking Gertrud's place in the victoria—and the fun, for Elizabeth, was at an end.

But not for the reader, who is now introduced to a personage seldom met with in English fiction, the German variety of the New Woman. Charlotte had thrown over the conventions of the Junker class, and had insisted on going to Oxford for an education. In her last year she met and married a famous German savant, "blinded," as Elizabeth says, "by the glory of having been chosen by the greatest man Oxford had ever seen." Education alone would have been enough to separate her from the Junker class; marriage with a man who was capable of wearing a white satin necktie in the evening placed her beyond the pale. Finally Charlotte became a lecturer "in the cause of Woman," and left her famous Nieberlein to his researches on the Phrygians. With her entry this glorified guide-book becomes really entertaining. Presently, by a happy accident, appears Nieberlein himself—one may expect to meet professors in Rügen—and Elizabeth embarks on the romantic enterprise of reconciling the New Woman to her old-fashioned husband. The reader will not regret, as she did, that in the interest of this scheme she saw less than she intended of Rügen itself and its rather monotonous beauties.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albanesi, E. Maria. Susannah and One Other. (Fiction.) McClure, Phillips & Co.
Benson, Arthur C. Rossetti. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Bibliotheca Abessinica. Edited by E. Littmann. 1.—The Legend of the Queen of Sheba in the Tradition of Axum. Leyden: E. J. Brill; Princeton, N. J.: The University Library.
Boynton, William Pingry. Applications of the Kinetic Theory. The Macmillan Co.
Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1904. London: The Scientific Press, Ltd. 5s. net.
Camp, Pauline Frances. Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Claiborne, John Herbert. Seventy-five Years in Old Virginia. New York and Washington: The Neale Pub. Co. $2 net.
Craddock, Charles Egbert. The Frontiersmen. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
De Laguérie, Villetard. La Corée, Indépendante, Russe, ou Japonaise. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 4 fr.
Ennis, Adolpheus T. Introduction to Dante's Inferno. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Hecker, Genevieve. Golf for Women. The Baker & Taylor Co. $2 net.
Hogg's Shelley at Oxford. With an introduction by R. A. Streatfield. London: Methuen & Co. 2s. net.
Holtzmann, Oscar. The Life of Jesus. Translated by J. T. Bealby and Maurice A. Canney. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co.
Jespersen, Otto. How to Teach a Foreign Language. Translated from the Danish by Sophia Yhlen-Olsen Bertelsen. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.; New York: The Macmillan Co.
Jülicher, Adolf. Introduction to the New Testament. Translated by Janet Penrose Ward. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.
Loomis, Eben Jenks. A Sunset Idyl, and Other Poems. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Miller, Edmund H. Quantitative Analysis for Mining Engineers. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.50 net.
Minot, Elizabeth. The Rose of Old Seville. (Drama and verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Modern Socialism. Speeches and Writings of Socialists, edited by R. C. K. Ensor. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.
Mondaini, Gennaro. Le Origini degli Stati Uniti d'America. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli; New York: G. E. Stechert. 6.50 lire.
Montague, Gilbert Holland. Trusts of To-day. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.20 net.
Moody, William Vaughn. The Fire-Bringer. (Verse.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
M., R. L. Histoire Sommaire de l'Affaire Dreyfus. Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Edition. 1 fr. 50.
Murphy, Edgar Gardner. Problems of the Present South. The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Ogden, Rollo. William Hickling Prescott. (American Men of Letters Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Oxford English Dictionary. P—Pargeted. (Vol. VII.) Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $1.25.
Parsons, Samuel, jr. Landscape Gardening. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.
Personal Hygiene: A Manual. Edited by Walter L. Pyle. London and Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders & Co. $1.50 net.
Perzynski, Fr. Hokusai. (Künstler-Monographien, LXVIII.) Leipzic: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 4m.
Selections from the Works of Palestrina. No. 8—Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. London and New York: Henry Frowde. 1s. net.
Thacher, John Boyd. Christopher Columbus. Vol. III. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $9 net.
Vance, Joseph A. American Problems. Chicago: The Winona Pub. Co. 75 cents net.
Wagner, Charles. By the Fireside. Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1 net.
Young, T. E. Insurance. London and New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons. $2.50.
Zyromski, Ernest. L'Orgueil Humain. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.

Some Recent Scientific Works

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